

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2834.—VOL. CIII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1893.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6½d.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT TO ENGLAND: PORTRAIT OF HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY ON BOARD THE HOHENZOLLERN, AUG. 6, 1893.

Specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Mr. J. Russell, of Baker Street.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is a pity that the Grand National Archery Society of England does not make its proceedings a little more intelligible to the general public. If they had a "running deer," or, still better, a running man, like our Volunteers, we should better understand their achievements. There is doubtless a mistaken but still very general impression that, whatever they may do with their stationary targets, they would not be very successful in hitting even "a barn-door, flying." It is absolutely necessary that we should have some practical information about this matter, not only for the sake of the reputation of the society, but for that of our ancestors. Its last "Report" is perfectly satisfactory: we are told that its members have of late years very much improved in their practice; that the early years of the century were bare of achievement; that in 1844 tolerable scores were made; and that from 1859 to the present time progress has been very marked. Nobody, indeed, has a word to say against the society; nobody doubts its aim, but only the capacity of its members for hitting things. It is certainly unfortunate that there is no record of anything having been done by archers in this way since the historic times, and it is those times which are now upon their trial. There were no proper registers kept of anything by our forefathers of old—a circumstance which admitted the existence of many more centenarians among them than at present, and of a very exceptional rainfall. The examples of mediæval bowmen breaking each other's "record" are no doubt very striking: if an archer struck the centre of the gold, the next marksman "wiped his eye" by splitting his arrow; if there was still a doubt, they peeled a willow wand, and split *that*, at a distance of a hundred yards or so. Those were "something like" records, and yet might not have been actually such. "Ivanhoe," for example, gives us a charming narrative of these achievements, but it is not a register such as is kept at the butts at Bisley. It is a work of the imagination.

It must be admitted that the same kind of testimony, though, of course, less detailed, is to be found in the pages of history. At Crecy and Poitiers our English archers are described as making short work of everybody who was not in Milan steel, whereas the Genoese bowmen appear to have belonged to some archery society of the period, for their work is described as distinctly amateurish. Now, the question is—and it is a very serious one, as affecting the veracity of our forefathers—Are their own stories of their skill in archery fact or fiction? At what time was the phrase "drawing the long bow" first applied to an habitual liar? There is a general conviction that, if only "there is money in it," anything that combines strength and skill will be brought to the highest perfection. We see it in rifle shooting, in running, in riding, and in all games. Now, in the old English national weapon, "the bow," there would be certainly a great deal of money—that is, of gate money—if anything approaching to feats in archery could be publicly exhibited. If only half the wonders performed at Ashby-de-la-Zouch could be performed, say, at the Crystal Palace, its shareholders would have cause to be in better spirits. My own belief is that if the weapon in question had been capable of the deeds ascribed to it, we should long ago have found it out; but, at all events, the Grand National Archery Society is in a position to put the matter to the test. Think of the attraction of a lady archer who could shoot a pigeon—not instead of a crow, but in addition to it! Our forefathers thought nothing of this, but would even sever—or so they tell us—the string by which the pigeon was tethered. The pious aspiration of the Persian for his offspring "to bend the bow and speak the truth," must have seemed superfluous to our early fathers; they only bent the bow—the long bow.

Tavernier gives a good account of the Persian archer who shot from horseback at full gallop—a thing our G.N.A.S. would have to practice before giving a public performance—but even they shot at stationary butts. The incident of one of the bowmen declining to shoot before the Shah, upon the ground that his mission was to transfix the enemies of his country and not a turf target, was obviously exceptional. "He drew two arrows, and, taking one in his mouth, shot it when at full speed in the Parthian fashion—i.e., backwards, into the centre of the butt; then, turning about, he shot the second arrow exactly into the same spot." That was pretty good, but nothing like the skill of the Emperor Domitian, who placed boys in the circus, at various distances, with their fingers separated, through which he shot his arrows without doing them the slightest injury. This would make a great sensation if practised in public by even the junior members of the royal family.

In the Common Council book at Chester there is the following order: "For the avoiding of idleness, all children of six years old and upwards shall on Sundays and holy days resort to their parish churches and there abide during the divine service, and in the afternoon all the said small children shall be exercised in shooting with bows and arrows for pins and points; and the parents shall furnish them with the said pins and points, according to the statute lately made for maintenance of shooting with long bows, being the ancient defence of the kingdom." The "points," whatever they were, were probably

not high points; but in view of this combination of church-going and prize-winning, the recent resolution passed by the Wesleyan Conference, disapproving of the proceeds of an archery fête being given to a day school, on the ground of its being gambling, is rather curious. The notion of shooting for an archery prize being gambling is peculiar; but, putting that aside, it seems ludicrous indeed to decline money offered for a good purpose because we do not happen to approve of the manner in which it has been made. There must surely be some statute of limitation applicable to such cases; the money must lose its smell after a generation or two, or a large proportion of the ecclesiastical benefactions left by our "pious founders" must be in a very insanitary condition.

A member of the House of Commons announces his intention to move that in future no title shall be given by the Queen without a detailed account in the *Gazette* of the services for which it is granted. As this gentleman has himself a title, he is bound in honour to make his edict retrospective. If it comes into effect we shall have plenty to talk about, since, unfortunately, some of the oldest and highest titles of the State have been conferred "without consideration"—at all events as regards morality. In respect to new creations, however, it will be only necessary to put the same individual on the staff of the *Gazette* who now gives us the reasons for bestowing pensions on certain persons out of the annual fund for the encouragement of art, science, and literature. If he can't invent a gentleman's public services, as the occasion arises, there is no such thing as imaginative literature.

There is one thing in the Pistols Bill which ought not to have been omitted—namely, a penalty for presenting the weapon at a personal friend, with the side-splitting remark, "I'll shoot you." The statement is very often correct, and he shoots you dead—but should not this stroke of facetiousness be discouraged? It is true that it is the only vein of humour which a large minority of our population seem to possess, but is it not time, considering the consequences, that it should cease to be worked? The joke of a little corporal punishment, not excessive but on genuine homœopathic principles, might well be administered, even if the presentee escaped with his life. The executioner might be instructed to say at every stroke, "You don't mean to say it hurts?" in sympathetic imitation with the offender's "Who would have thought it was loaded?" After a few such examples, the presentation of fire-arms at one's friends' heads would certainly become a less popular amusement.

The international carrier-pigeon competition between Vienna and Berlin has not this year been a success. The distance, which usually occupies them nine hours, has been accomplished by only one bird in thirty-one hours. But for the look of the thing it would have been better to confide in the Parcels Post. The cause of the delay is attributed to the unfavourable state of the weather; but the fact is, the pigeon post is always subject to accidents. These feathered messengers are liable to be intercepted by the gun of the Continental sportsman, or to be involuntarily interviewed by the hawk. At their best, their velocity is very inferior to that of the telegraph, and, like it, they are liable to fall into the wrong hands, and have their information tampered with. When Ptolemais in Syria was invested by the French and Venetians, the Sultan sent word to the inhabitants by pigeon that he was coming to raise the siege; but the besiegers, guessing the object of the bird, raised such a shout that "it fell confounded to the ground." They then substituted for the letter found under its wing a bogus message that the Sultan had other fish to fry, and could not help the citizens, and let the bird resume its flight. Whereupon the place surrendered incontinently. At the siege of Leyden, however, pigeons were employed with great success, and assured its defenders of speedy succour. When the siege was raised, the Prince of Orange ordered the birds who had brought the good news to be maintained for life at the public expense, and at their death to be embalmed and preserved in the town dove-cote "as a perpetual token of gratitude." It is rather curious that in England the cult of the carrier pigeon was at first mainly confined to "the Fancy" and the relatives of prisoners executed at Tyburn, the news of whose abrupt departure was thereby notified to their friends.

A medical authority informs us that for preserving grace and developing strength and agility, and especially for improving the complexion, there is no exercise more beneficial than "sweeping, dusting, and making beds." Hence, it appears, is the origin of "the pretty housemaid," in favour of whom so many good judges, including Sam Weller, have had so much to say. If one could only get this theory believed, the female domestic difficulty might be considered as good as settled. To acquire a good complexion the fair sex are ready, we are told, even more than ever, to endure any inconvenience. They paint, they powder, they "sponge with liquid enamel," and wear wash-leather masks over their faces while they sleep. How much less tedious and disagreeable than the application of these doubtful remedies would be a little wholesome house-work, and also in the cases of narrow means, how exceedingly desirable! "How beautifully your house is kept! How charmingly

your daughters are looking!" are remarks that would then be always expressed together. "It is dusting that does it," the proud father will reply, "sweeping, and making the beds." One only wishes that the medical authority could conscientiously give a certificate of the same kind to cooking. It is said, however, that the pursuit of this art is deleterious to the complexion, as it most certainly is to the temper. To have a fire all day in August must be very trying, even when mitigated by the presence of the coolest policeman, though some of them are very cool.

The gallant Colonel who writes on cookery in the *Nineteenth Century* is conscious of this fact, and makes every allowance for it, or rather impresses upon the mistress of the house (who has to visit the kitchen and not he) that *she* ought to do so. He is the first person, as far as I know, who has ventured to treat culinary matters with humour; his description of the leathery slices of hashed mutton "curling up at the ends" and regarding one another sarcastically is excellent. The gourmet, whether he writes of wine or meats, is generally too much impressed with the dignity of his subject to be amusing, and it is seldom indeed that he condescends to the question, so vital to many of us: "What is to be done with the cold mutton?" It is not like the cheese difficulty, which can be settled (and very properly) upon the principle of the weakest "going to the wall," for the mutton has to be eaten in some form or other by every member of the family.

The case of an individual accused of deliberately blowing off his left hand in order to claim compensation from certain Accident Insurance Companies is most remarkable, and one jury at least have not seen their way to decide upon it. That persons have often committed suicide that their families might reap the advantage from the same sources is pretty certain, but the case of such persons stands on different ground. "To be, or not to be?" is a question that may be pressing upon them for other reasons, and the realisation of their insurance is the weight in the scale that settles the matter. But self-mutilation, the loss by violence of a hand or limb, for the sake of pecuniary gain is a novelty indeed. It has often been done abroad to escape the conscription, and is not unknown at home with the object of getting discharged from the army; but these cases, however extreme, are more intelligible. To some persons anything is preferable to a state of subordination and discipline, especially if severe, and the stories of malingering are, perhaps, the most remarkable that medical jurisprudence has recorded; but considering how most men, however courageous, shrink from undergoing a surgical operation, the idea of voluntarily submitting to the pain and danger of having one's hand blown off for the sake of a pecuniary recompense, deliberately arranged for, is certainly amazing.

It is curious that while an honest biography is one of the most interesting forms of literature, the hero of an autobiographical novel, however honest, is generally dull. He neither speaks nor acts naturally, is afraid to "let himself go," and is perpetually excusing himself to his readers for this or that, as if they cared twopence how mean or wicked he was. Like the introduction of epistolary correspondence, he breaks the thread of the story, and transfers our attention to the story teller. Barry Lyndon, indeed, was an exception, because he cared nothing for the opinion of anybody, and is uniformly brutal and egotistic; but even David Copperfield, to whom one naturally turns for the *per contra* of these remarks, is too apologetic, and only narrowly escapes the charge of priggishness. This theory, it may be said, goes to pieces in the case of "Robinson Crusoe," but that is not a novel at all, but an absolute autobiography, which only fails in those tabulated reflections that would have no place in the actual life of anybody who was not a paid assistant in a Sunday school. It is with this difficulty that Mr. Clark Russell almost always sets himself to deal; his readers are so accustomed to it that they are probably unaware of the skill and pains it costs him, not, indeed, to overcome, but to minimise it; and he has never been more successful than in his last novel.

There is always an attraction in stories about buried treasure. It possesses that great element of human interest, a short cut to wealth combined with dramatic incident. Unhappily, the subject is very trite, though, if a man knows how to paint it, that matters but little. What one wants, however, is the old picture with a new frame to it, and in "List, ye Landsmen," Mr. Russell has found it for us. The first half of the tale has no love in it, nor, indeed, so much as a woman at all, yet even those readers who are generally exacting in that matter are held in thrall. The portraits of Greaves and Fielding are rather colourless, but those of the Dutchman Bol and Miss Aurora are creations in their way. Galloon, too, as near to an angel among ship dogs as Marryat's Snarleyow (if I remember right) was to a fiend, will be long remembered. The discovery of the treasure is a fine chapter, though the cool manner in which it is appropriated, on the schoolboy's principle of "finding's keeping," is a little startling; however, it belonged to the Spaniards, who, though now at peace with us, pillaged us a good deal in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

PERSONAL.

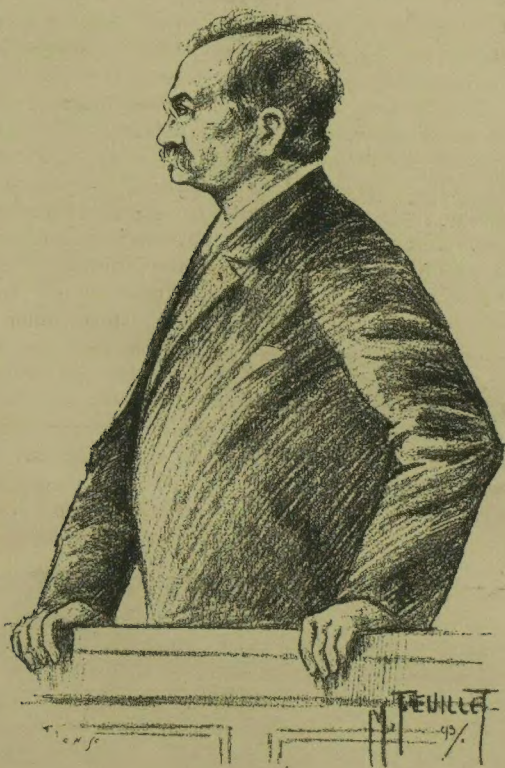
France has produced a Pigott in the person of a mulatto named Veron, calling himself Norton, a native of Mauritius.



VERON, ALIAS NORTON.

After two imprisonments as a forger, it occurred to the mulatto that he might find an excellent market for incriminating political documents. France is a particularly favourable sphere for such an enterprise, owing to the chronic frenzy of party spirit. Norton began by trying to sell a parcel of lies about Signor Crispi to the *Figaro*. His great opportunity, however, did not come till he conceived the brilliant idea of palming upon some "excited politicians" forged papers, supposed to have been stolen from the British Embassy in Paris, and including a list furnished by Sir T. V. Lister, of the Foreign Office, to Mr. Austin Lee, of French public men in the pay of England. A credulous Deputy named Millevoye brought this farrago of rubbish before the Chamber, where it was received with derision. The forgery was too palpable to deceive any sensible person, and a prosecution was promptly ordered, for the benefit of Norton and M. Ducret, editor of the *Cocarde*, who, according to the mulatto, had instigated the fabrication. For some mysterious reason the jury found "extenuating circumstances" for both these worthies, and Norton will renew his experiences as a jail-bird during the next three years.

M. Ducret is a typical journalist of the Boulevards, no better educated than the men who used to assure the French people that they were the prey of spies with pockets full of Pitt's gold. Sincerely convinced, no doubt, that M. Clémenceau was an enemy of the Republic, Mr. Ducret failed to distinguish between a fixed idea which is not criminal and a forgery which is. It is a process commonly known by the formula that the end justifies the means. The documents alleged to have been abstracted from the British Embassy were in English, but it was the English of the Boulevards. M. Ducret denied the impeachment that he wrote the original French, which was then translated, but the jury do not appear to have



M. DUCRET. "All my past life has been a protest against a thing so dreadful!"
THE NORTON FORGERIES.

believed him, though they found "extenuating circumstances" in his burning patriotism. In court M. Ducret declared that the documents had been submitted to M. Develle and M. Dupuy, who had accepted them in good faith. The statements of Norton's accomplice, who has gone to prison for a year, must be taken with reserve; but so far neither of the two Ministers concerned has given any personal explanation.

M. Clémenceau, who figured in this childish calumny as a pensioner of the British Government, is one of the ablest men in France. It is not too much to say that he is a head and shoulders above his contemporaries in French politics. When he was in his zenith, M. Clémenceau was the maker and unmaker of Ministries. He has never succeeded in achieving the responsibilities of office—perhaps he has never had much relish for them. The greatest personal force in French statesmanship has always remained in Opposition. M. Clémenceau used to be identified with Radicalism of an extreme type, but of late he has ceased to be the most advanced man among the Left in the Chamber. He is a brilliant orator, and his speech at the trial of Norton and Ducret made a deep impression. In any other

country than France M. Clémenceau's decisive victory over his enemies would place him beyond the reach of malignity. In Paris it will be forgotten in a month, and some new campaign of defamation will be in full blast.

The reopening of the Albert Memorial Chapel of Windsor Castle, after the period of a year and a half occupied in the work, enables visitors to see the tomb constructed for the lamented Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, whose death caused so much sadness to the royal family and to the English nation. Our Illustration shows



THE SARCOPHAGUS OF THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Photo by Mr. Cartland, Windsor.

the design of this beautiful monument, a sarcophagus composed of various rare stones, including Mexican onyx, and surmounted by a crown. It stands between the tombs of his grandfather, the late Prince Consort, and his uncle, the Duke of Albany. We hope it will be very long before there shall be any occasion to add to these solemn memorials of events so grievous to her Majesty's subjects, who are her friends in every sense, and who deeply sympathise with her, and with her sons and daughters, in every domestic affliction.

The death of Mr. James Stillie recalls some of the most interesting associations of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Stillie was an apprentice at the Ballantyne Press when the *Waverley* Novels were in the early days of their fame, and the secret of the authorship was still inviolate. Young Stillie used to carry proofs to Abbotsford, and he was employed to copy the original manuscript before it passed into the hands of the printers. This responsibility made a tie between the young apprentice and the great novelist which Scott never forgot. When Mr. Stillie began

moved, no doubt, by the orator's eloquent appeal for the union of beauty and utility, somebody unknown unobtrusively removed the garment and took it away as a souvenir. An ordinary man would have been nonplussed, but Mr. Marjoribanks is not an ordinary man. While the stream of eloquence was still flowing he stole out of the Agricultural Hall and bought an Inverness cape, which he calmly slipped over the shoulders of his chief when the Premier was ready to depart. It is even said that Mr. Marjoribanks deliberately purchased a cape of stouter material than the vanished coat, because he reflected that after so much exertion Mr. Gladstone would be more liable to chill. After this can anybody wonder that Mr. Marjoribanks can always produce a majority in the nick of time and in the most critical division?

Miss Maud Gonne is reported to have hinted to a Paris interviewer that she is "in the way of British diplomacy." Miss Gonne is a charming and accomplished woman who came from America to awaken Europe to the wrongs of Ireland. She has made Paris the base of operations which are watched by our Foreign Office with a sinister eye. Miss Gonne appears to believe that "patriots," whether French or Irish, are the objects of the unrelenting and unscrupulous animosity of British diplomatists. What it is that the myrmidons of Lord Rosebery are doing to enfold Miss Gonne in the meshes of perfidy we are not yet told. Perhaps it is useless to assure that intrepid lady that she would be perfectly safe in London; and that her photograph would be welcome in the shop-windows. Such an invitation would only be regarded as one of the wiles with which Lord Rosebery seeks to fascinate and delude his prey.

The golden wedding of the Dean of Lincoln and Mrs. Butler has been celebrated with enthusiasm. Most of the gifts have gone to the Cathedral, the Dean having characteristically deprecated personal presents. When Dean Butler was at Wantage, Liddon commenced under him that remarkable career which ultimately put him at the head of English preachers.

The Hon. and Rev. A. T. Lyttelton has received a very cordial welcome to Eccles. His work there will be watched with much interest by his many admirers. Mr. Lyttelton said that parish work was not a very easy thing to a man at any time, and to him, coming in middle life from a very different sphere of labour, it must be specially hard; but he did not come with a faint heart or with desponding ideas.



M. CLEMENCEAU: "You organise against me a veritable man-hunt!"
THE NORTON FORGERIES.

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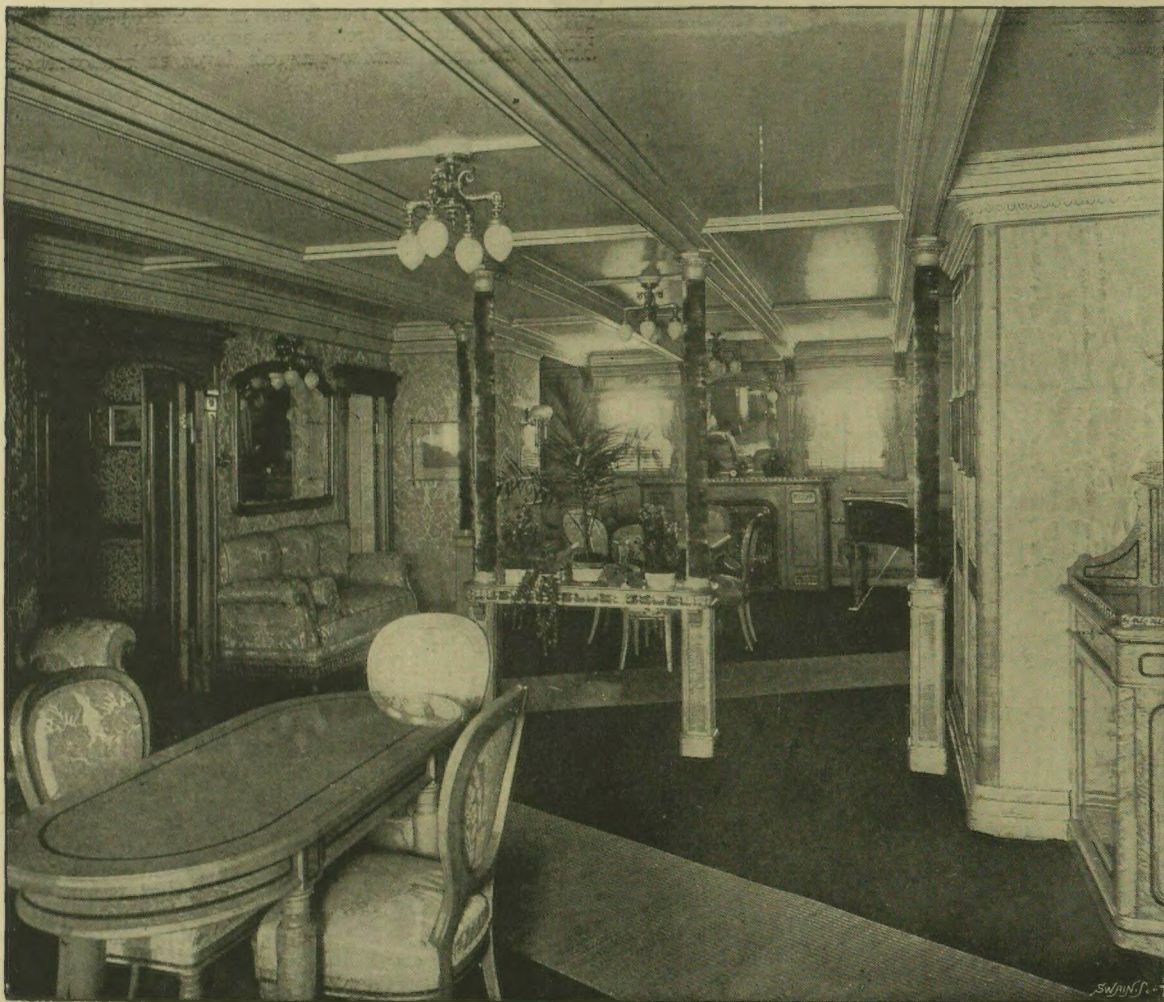
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THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S STEAM-YACHT HOHENZOLLERN.

His Majesty the Emperor William II. of Germany on Monday morning, Aug. 7, at eight o'clock, left Cowes on board the Imperial steam-yacht Hohenzollern, proceeding to Heligoland. We were favoured by his Majesty with special permission to have the portrait taken, on the day before, by Mr. J. Russell, photographer, which appears on our front page; also the interior views of the Emperor's study and dining-saloon on board the vessel, in which his Majesty has repeatedly navigated the Baltic, the North Sea, and the British Channel. The Hohenzollern is a large ship of 4500 tons' capacity, with engines of 9000-horse power, and twin screw-propellers; she would be a very efficient cruiser, being able to steam at the speed of nineteen knots an hour for a whole day. She is built of steel, and is painted white; though, of course, not protected by armour, she carries eight quick-firing Krupp guns, which are likewise painted white, so that she does not look too warlike. The decks are, for the sake of comfort, laid with linoleum; over a large part of the upper deck there is an awning. Under this awning, in fine weather, the Emperor often has luncheon or tea parties. In the fore part of the vessel is a bridge reserved for the Emperor, approached by a mahogany stairway. The Emperor's apartments, on the middle deck amidships, are on the port side. Those of the Empress are on the starboard side. The smoking-room is a very cosy room. The fittings are of maple. It is upholstered with imitation tapestry of subdued colours. In it is a sideboard of maple inlaid with rosewood. The electric light is everywhere. The Emperor's study is lighted by electricity, and is furnished with a telephone. On a shelf are a few



THE HOHENZOLLERN: THE DINING SALOON.

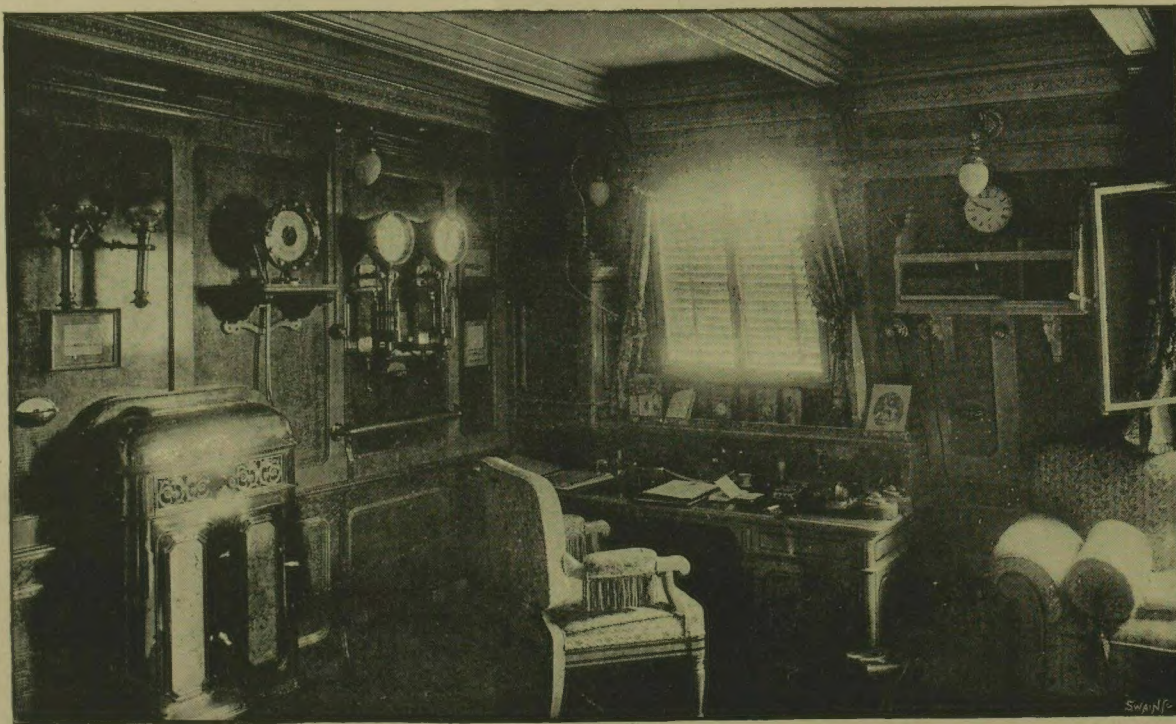


THE HOHENZOLLERN: THE DRAWING-ROOM.

naulical works, and hanging on one of the walls is a log-book. The study and the smoking-room are on the upper deck. The dining-saloon, on the middle deck, is a fine apartment. By an arrangement of portières, it can easily be enlarged or contracted, but is about twenty-five feet broad by seventy-five long. It is upholstered in grey and white. On the centre table stands the Queen's Cup which the Meteor won at the recent Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta at Cowes. On another table is a splendid cup won by the Meteor at the Royal Ulster Regatta of 1892. This is called the County Down Cup. It is always kept filled with flowers, so is another cup of a similar pattern that is without an inscription. The saloon intended for family gatherings is decorated in blue and silver. The fittings are of maple, and in it is a piano of the same wood. There is also a porcelain and nickel fireplace in the saloon, which puts one much more in mind of the land than of the sea. Then there is a conference-room and another room for study used exclusively by the Emperor. From it he can signal to any part of the ship. On one of the walls is a water-colour sketch of the launch at Portsmouth of the Royal Sovereign. On a sofa is a programme in white silk and scarlet letters of the Cowes week. On the walls are photographs of the Queen, of the Empress, and of the children of Germany's ruler. On the desk lies a box of Havana cigars—Carolinias. There is a fireplace in the sitting-room, which is upholstered in chintz with a moss-rose pattern. The furniture of the sitting-room is covered with holland. The Empress's bedstead is of nickel, the hangings are of grey satin. The counterpane is of wadded silk of a colour allied to purple. The rooms for the ladies-in-waiting are furnished in the same style as some of those mentioned. Bath-rooms are almost as numerous on the Hohenzollern as royal sleeping-cabins. Mention should

be made of the porcelain plaques in the smoking-room. They are, in size, about eighteen inches by twelve. They contain beautifully executed illustrations of events connected with German or, rather, Prussian, naval history. On one is shown the Grand Elector Frederick William's ship attacking pirates off Cape St. Vincent, the Elector having founded the colony of Oramburg, in Africa—a possession which he afterwards sold for 100,000 thalers. Then there is a portrait of the fierce Elector himself, as well as porcelain pictures of engagements at Cap Trias Forcas, in August 1856; at Baronne Mandung, in December 1870; at Eckenforde, April 1849, when the Danish ships Gefion and Christian VIII. engaged a Prussian battery, the latter being blown sky-high, and other naval actions. There are also views of Swinemunde and Friedrichsort at Kiel. In short, it is a most interesting apartment by its suggestions of historical recollections.

The Emperor's hearty predilection for seafaring pursuits and recreations, as well as his zeal for the improvement of the German Navy, cannot fail to win the approval of Englishmen. It has been remarked in the *Times*, commenting on the brilliant success of the Cowes Regatta week, that "his Majesty is partly to be thanked for this consummation. British yacht-building has received an immense impetus from the spirit which the Emperor has thrown into the sport. The Prince of Wales, although not new to yacht-racing, is a recruit of his enlisting or rather re-enlisting; and the fleet of superb cutters which has now thrown even the Meteor and Iverna into the shade owes its origin in no small degree to the Emperor's contagious enthusiasm. It is a happy circumstance that the Emperor should have taken so keenly to a sport which brings him so frequently among us on terms of intimacy. Those who take their pastimes together feel, as a rule, more warmly towards each other than those who are united by cold motives of policy; and Englishmen may at least regard the Emperor's frank identification of himself with them in all that relates to the sea and seamanship as of pleasant augury for the friendship between the two nations. Apart from a natural reciprocation of goodwill, our countrymen have a fellow-feeling for one who shares their love of the sea, and who is not satisfied with an ornamental position on his vessel."



THE HOHENZOLLERN: THE KAISER'S STUDY.

From photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen has remained at Osborne House, Isle of Wight. On Saturday evening, Aug. 5, she gave a farewell dinner to the German Emperor, her grandson. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise, the Marchioness of Lorne, with her husband, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, made up the royal family party. The Emperor dined with her Majesty again on Sunday, and left England next morning in his steam-yacht the Hohenzollern.

The Queen, on Saturday evening, embarked in her own yacht, the Alberta, and went for a cruise of an hour and a half, passing round the Hohenzollern in Cowes roadstead, and inspecting that and other ships. Her Majesty sat in a chair on the starboard side of the saloon deck.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, elder and surviving brother of the late Prince Consort, now aged seventy-five, has suffered an apoplectic seizure, but has partially recovered. His nephew, the Duke of Edinburgh, who would be his successor, was at Kissingen, whence he went

Gothic architecture for an example of simplicity and true beauty of outline. The right hon. gentleman's address was received with great approval.

The large force of Volunteers assembled at Aldershot was engaged on Bank Holiday in battalion and brigade drills, while the Public Schools Battalion had a field-day with the Herefordshire battalion of the Welsh Border Brigade.

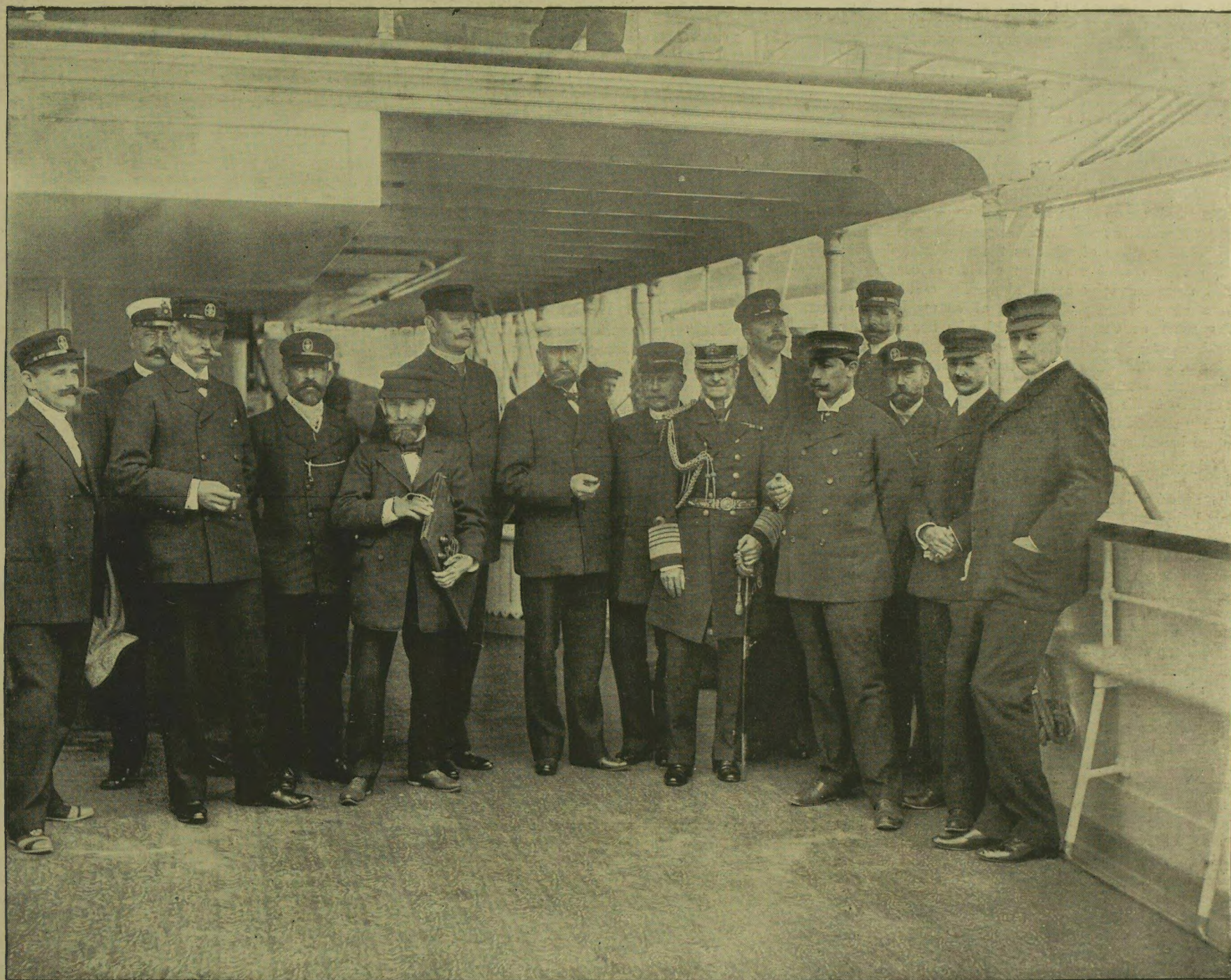
A pleasure-boat, having on board about twenty-eight excursionists from the Rhondda Valley, capsized off the breakwater at Port Talbot, South Wales, on Bank Holiday, and nearly all of them were drowned. Most of the bodies have been recovered.

The great coal strike against reduction of wages in collieries still disturbs many branches of trade and industry. In Monmouthshire and South Wales the miners have generally resumed work at the $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. advance granted them under the sliding scale. The hauliers at the Rhondda Valley collieries refuse to recommence work until they receive an increase of 20 per cent. At the Accrington pits, many of the miners have returned to work at the old rate of wages. The Durham colliers are to decide whether their

Cochin China, that General Duchemin, with 250 soldiers of the Infantry and Marine, was sent off on Aug. 6 to occupy Chantabun. Meantime, the Siamese Royal Commissioners have been sent to Chantabun, where they will remain during the French occupation of that port.

According to a report from Cairo the project of a marriage between the Khedive Abbas and a daughter of the Sultan has been seriously proposed at Constantinople.

The ship canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, a work projected by more than one of the Roman Emperors, has been successfully completed by a Greek company, of which M. Syngros is president, with the aid of M. Matsas, a Greek engineer. A French company had undertaken it, but had failed to complete it. The plans were devised by the Hungarian General Türr. On Sunday, Aug. 6, the canal was opened by King George of Greece, on board the Sphacteria, a vessel of the Greek navy, with four torpedo-boats commanded by Prince George, conveying the Ministers of State and foreign ambassadors, accompanied by the British war-ships Fearless and Scout, the despatch-vessel Surprise, and the gun-boat Sandfly. This fleet set forth in the morning from the Piræus, the port of



Count Eulenburg.

Admiral Sir J. E. Commerell. The Kaiser.

ON BOARD THE HOHENZOLLERN: THE KAISER AND HIS SUITE.

From a photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

to Coburg, on Aug. 5, to see Duke Ernest, and happily found him in an improving condition.

The Lord Mayor of London, on Aug. 5, visited the Victoria Dock, and opened for public inspection a new ship built for the Royal Navy by the Thames Ironworks Company—namely, the Theseus, a first-class cruiser.

The Bank Holiday, on Monday, Aug. 7, was favoured with the finest summer weather, and was enjoyed by hundreds of thousands of people in and around London, and in many other places accessible by railway or steam-boat excursions. There were 52,000 persons at the Crystal Palace. The Imperial Institute, the Earl's Court Exhibition, and the Zoological Society's Gardens attracted large numbers.

Mr. Gladstone, on Saturday, Aug. 5, presented the prizes of the National Workmen's Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and delivered a speech in which he discussed the interests of labour, the efforts of the trades unions and the Trades Council, and the benefit of seeking recreation and relief from monotonous toil in a change of occupation. He also dwelt on the characteristics of industrial or applied decorative art, in works of utility, studied with a view to beauty, as distinct from the purely fine arts of painting, sculpture, and music; instancing the art of bookbinding and the artistic treatment of building; in which last-mentioned work he warned modern architects against excess of ornamentation, pointing to Greek and early

negotiations are to be conducted by their own Federation or by the National Federation.

The receipts on account of Revenue from April 1, 1893, when there was a balance of £5,082,535, to Aug. 5, 1893, were £26,871,337, against £28,110,804 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £6,255,169. The net expenditure was £32,978,601, against £33,802,393 to the same date in the previous year.

The German Emperor William arrived off Heligoland at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, Aug. 8; he landed at half-past ten, and was received by the Governor and the official dignitaries. He went with his suite to the mouth of the tunnel, and was conveyed through it to the upper ground, the so-called Oberland. While there he witnessed the artillery practice with the twenty-one centimetre and revolving guns. The Emperor would leave the island next day for Kiel, where he would spend a few days before his return to Potsdam.

The Emperor's brother, Prince Henry, is going to Italy by special invitation of King Humbert, whom he will meet at Naples, to attend the Italian naval manoeuvres. This journey affords unquestionable evidence of the cordial relations between Germany and Italy and their Sovereigns.

The French Government is losing no time in carrying out its plans under the new arrangement forced on Siam. M. Pavie, the French Minister, returned to Bangkok on Aug. 8, but we learn from Saigon, the capital of French

Athens, passed through the canal, after a ceremonial reception and a speech from the King, and arrived at Posidonia, on the Gulf of Corinth. The canal is scarcely five miles long, but is cut through high rocky land, the cuttings in one part being 180 ft. deep. It will accommodate the largest ships, being 96 ft. wide, and having 36 ft. depth of water; and it will save a distance of 250 miles in the voyage from Brindisi to Athens, to Smyrna or Constantinople, or to the Black Sea.

The insurrection and civil war in the Argentine Republic may now be considered important. The insurgents, on Aug. 8, were near the city of La Plata, and the late Governor of Buenos Ayres had joined them. A body of Governments, commanded by Señor Delvalle, the Minister of War, had embarked at Ensenada to encounter the rebel force.

President Cleveland's Message was sent to the United States Congress on Aug. 8. He ascribes the present commercial crisis, with the distressing losses and failures in business, to financial distrust caused by the law which prescribes the action of the Treasury in regard to the currency. The President urges that the people had a right to demand from Congress that legislation condemned by three years' disastrous experience should be promptly removed from the Statute-book, and he earnestly recommends the repeal of the Sherman Act authorising the purchase of silver bullion.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

However much the "dogs do bark" now that the players are not "coming to town," but rapidly disappearing from it, I may, perhaps, be permitted to say a word or two about modern stage dancing. When I left England last year the "petticoat dance" was literally on its last legs. Originally a graceful exercise, never to my mind seen to such absolute perfection as when Kate Vaughan danced it with the sense and spirit of an artist, the charming dance of multitudinous skirts and petticoats became vulgarised by a swarm of ugly sprawlers, who seemed to take their steps more from the acrobat and the clown than from the ballet school. To see a young and pretty lady "straddling" about the floor like the pantomime sprite of our boyhood's days, or doing "cart-wheels" like a street urchin, was not, to my mind, a graceful or refined exercise, and I suppose limited intelligence, want of refinement, and vulgarity of treatment killed the skirt dance, which, by the way, was taken into the British drawing-room and dismissed in disgrace.

I come home to find the pretty skirt or petticoat dance idealised by Kate Vaughan and endowed with an extraordinary grace and charm by two pretty and graceful amateurs, the Misses Savile Clarke, banished in favour of the new serpentine dance, which in solemn truth is no dance at all. The serpentine dance, as I see it on the stage, is a dance of arms, not of legs. The arms are turned into gyrating windmills, and the poor legs are left in the lurch and made to look distressingly ugly. I should describe this new highly coloured and polychromatic fandango as a chromotrope, or wheel of colour, or a zoetrope, or wheel of life. I cannot for the life of me see where the art of the dancer comes in, or what talent is required to twist about drapery in this fashion. Dolly the country kitchen-maid who trundles her mop at the scullery-door—if, indeed, she ever does trundle that useful article nowadays—would be as useful in all matters of effect as the serpentine dancer; and the village idiot who goes about the country in a sheet surmounted by a lighted turnip, and pretends to be a ghost, would probably be of as much service to the stage as the gyrating girl who has suddenly changed the exercise of dancing from the legs to the arms. Dancing, like all other arts, goes through various periods of changes and transformations. Perhaps we shall get back in time to the short white tulle skirts, the "point" and the "elevation," the tiptoe exercises and the round-the-stage boundings that so delighted our ancestors and that seem so to disgust the modern generation.

I am not old enough to remember the palmy days of the ballet, when the opera at Her Majesty's was managed by Lumley—the time when no opera was complete without a studied interval of dance. The days of Taglioni and Cerito and Grisi were before my time, and the famous "pas de quatre" must be described accurately and impressively by an authority like George Augustus Sala, who knows most things of every art. But many a playgoer still on the top of life's hill can well remember one who was to my thinking the best dancer of the old school that I have ever seen. I allude to Henriette D'Or, who appeared in "Babil and Bijou" at Covent Garden many years ago and charmed all beholders. Possibly I have seen dancers as good at Milan, Rome, and Vienna before that day and since, but this particular dancer always remains with me a delightful memory. Here we had the "poetry of motion" of which all of us have heard so much, and I really do not think that any of the stars of the Alhambra or Empire have ever shone quite so brilliantly as Henriette D'Or—now, I believe, passed away. Before her, in quite another school of art, but instinct with it, was Marie Wilton, in the old days of the Strand—an artist whose dancing was music as well as movement, and whose style was as different from the modern burlesque as anything that can be conceived. The exquisite steps and enchanting style of this artist—I can see her now as the poet Gringoire in Byron's "Esmeralda," dressed in a little white sheepskin coat, and acting the showman at a Punch and Judy show—were turned by her less artistic and vulgar imitators into the "breakdown" of the nigger dance. But the dancing of Marie Wilton was a thing apart, and, in its way, never had a rival. The same with Kate Vaughan, the queen of her art. She was the most tantalising dancer I ever saw. She gave us quite enough in her opinion, and not half enough in ours. Like Oliver Twist, we were always "asking for more," but we never got it. The doctors advise us to arise hungry from our meals. That is exactly what we did when Kate Vaughan danced. She had a host of charming imitators, such as Sylvia Grey and Letty Lind, with whom dancing became a fine art. A shade of vulgarity set in with the famous Gaiety "pas de quatre"—all tumbled petticoat, assertive leg, and black silk stocking; and so we went lower and lower down in the scale until the time came for the skirt dance to disappear and to be supplanted by the serpentine exercise, which is no dance at all.

But for all that, European dancing, whether in its pristine or decadent state, is infinitely superior to the dances of the East. Here, at any rate, we have lively music to assist the feet or arms. There they have the most melancholy droning that the mind can conceive. If you want to go melancholy mad I would advise you to take your seat after dinner in a café at Cairo when a popular dancer is on the stage. Solemn Arabians in every

fantastic dress, some in modern coats and fez, others with turbans and jewelled robes, sit about smoking their pipes, and without a smile on the countenance, while a girl laden with jewels and ropes of pearls on her neck, and in every plait in her hair, twists and twirls about the stage with solemnly slow iteration. She has in her hands rough castanets with which she beats the maddening time to a tune so hideous that the European nerves tremble at it. Her feet scarcely seem to move. But the expression comes from the centre of the body, which shakes like jelly. On and on she goes, round and round, perpetually twisting, wagging her body just as some people can wag their noses or their ears, until at last she sinks exhausted on a sofa. Having recovered, she comes round to receive the compliments or the coin, the drink or the diamonds of her admirers, still steadily smoking in the café. This amusement goes on night after night with no variety. It is the delight of the Cairene swell, who can find no happiness elsewhere.

The dancing of the Dervishes is a thing apart. It is not art but epilepsy. Frenzied with religion, they foam at the mouth, and become drunk with dancing. Like the Cumberland wrestlers, they are "blowed out." Dancing I have seen, which I may describe by and by, at Bombay, Delhi, Agra, Calcutta, Hong-Kong, and Yokohama, dancing more or less curious and descriptive. But the most wearisome dance I ever beheld was when Danjiro, the great Japanese actor, the Henry Irving of Japan, dressed up as a woman, and danced an intolerable petticoat dance with a butterfly and a fan. The dance must have lasted three-quarters of an hour, and to the Japanese audience it was an intense delight. Fancy Irving, between the acts of "Hamlet" or "Becket," indulging in a petticoat dance with fan, feather, and facial expression! And Danjiro is as great an actor in Japan as Irving is in England, and is as much respected.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

COWES REGATTA.

The Royal Yacht Squadron meeting at Cowes, favoured with the presence of the German Emperor and the Prince of Wales as active participators in the racing, closed on Friday, Aug. 4, when his Majesty's yacht, the Meteor, contended in a match with Mr. Jameson's Iverna, of nearly equal rating, to sail twice round the Lepe Buoy, the Calshot Lightship, and the Warner, and back to Cowes; it was a very close race, and the Meteor was beaten only by one minute, the winner's time being 3 hours 13 min. 24 sec. The victory of the Emperor's yacht, on Tuesday, Aug. 1, in the race for the Queen's Cup, was announced in our last; the Valkyrie, Lord Dunraven's yacht, was disqualified by not following the prescribed track; and the Prince of Wales's yacht, the Britannia, which came in next, having to give the Meteor a time allowance for size, failed by 1 min. 39 sec. to carry off the prize. On Wednesday, Aug. 2, the Britannia won, against Mr. A. D. Clarke's Satanita, the Meteor Challenge Shield, given by the German Emperor. This trophy is a beautiful specimen of metal work, which displays, under the Imperial crown, the genius of Victory, holding branches of oak and laurel; in the centre are the arms of Germany, while the main body is studded with coins of great rarity, such as the Bavarian token showing the Virgin and Child, a Frankfort-on-Main dollar, a remembrance of the Schiller centenary, and three golden twenty-mark pieces, which were, as the Emperor remarked, all struck within one year, during which he himself, his father, and his grandfather ruled in Germany. The coins bear the superscription of all three monarchs. At the base of the shield is the inscription, "Royal Yacht Squadron. The Meteor Challenge Shield, presented by his Majesty the German Emperor, King of Prussia." Underneath is a small shield for the name of the winner.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The hostilities between the Red and Blue fleets in the Irish Sea ended on Friday, Aug. 4, with a general action in Carnarvon Bay, where the two Blue squadrons, under Admiral Fitzroy, were assembled in complete strength with the four torpedo gun-boats of the Blue coast of Ireland squadron; and the Red fleet, under Vice-Admiral Fairfax, was also complete, with the exception of one cruiser absent and three torpedo gun-boats captured by the enemy. The absence of these, however, made no difference to the result. The Red fleet had not the superiority required for a decisive action, but the battle was a fine spectacle. It was fought within sight of Snowdon and other Welsh mountains. The ships of the Red fleet were disposed in an indented line, those of the Blue fleets in single column line ahead, both fleets steering a parallel course; and so it continued until, when the action had lasted two hours, as prescribed by the rules, signals were exchanged between the Admirals in command of the two contending fleets, and it was agreed to regard the action as indecisive, subject to the final ruling of the umpires. So ended the manœuvres of mutual hostility; but on Monday, Aug. 7, the Blue C and D squadrons, which were in Belfast Lough, went to sea for target practice. The Red fleet had gone to Milford Haven. It has been remarked: "This obligatory retirement of both combatants into port may be taken as an

equivalent for the state of temporary powerlessness to which in real warfare both sides would probably be reduced after fighting a battle. Under modern conditions even a victorious fleet would inevitably suffer very severely, and would need both reinforcement and repairs before it could again become as powerful as it had previously been. Indeed, it is almost inconceivable that a great naval victory should henceforth be won without a considerable sacrifice of ships as well as an immense loss of life; so that in any scheme of prolonged operations allowance must be made of the time required for the repair of less severely damaged vessels, and the substitution for more seriously injured ones of fresh ships drawn from the fleet reserve."

A MODEL VILLAGE IN KENT.

Patrickbourne and Bekesbourne, on the Little Stour, three or four miles south-east of Canterbury, are inviting examples of the well-kept, picturesque Kentish rural village. The former, of which our Rambling Artist has made a few sketches, lies close to Bifrons, a stately mansion of English nobility, and owes many benefits to the Dowager Marchioness of Conyngham, formerly residing there, who built and supported the parish school and adorned St. Mary's Church. That edifice is a handsome one, with nave, aisles, and two chancels, and with steeple and spire; it has a beautiful carved altar-piece, eight stained-glass windows, and a good organ. It contains the white marble monument of the first Marquis of Conyngham, who died in 1832. The population of the village is less than three hundred.

A JOURNEY THROUGH MOROCCO.

The travelling party accompanied by our Special Artist, M. Montbard, in the journey on horseback from the sea-coast to the cities of Mequinez and Fez, which has been partly described, saw many fine views of plain and mountain country in the interior of Northern Morocco. The great Atlas range, far to the south-east, was visible from certain points, but the mountains near Mequinez belong to a different range, seemingly a prolongation of those in Algeria. The city of Mequinez contains magnificent relics of its former grandeur, such as the gates of the Kasbah and the remains of the old palaces of Mulai Ismael and Mulai S'liman, as well as the north gate of the town, a beautiful example of arabesque decoration and coloured tile-work, near which are the graceful tomb and fountain of Sidi Ali ben Hamdush, surrounded by olive-trees. The inhabitants of this city and the people of diverse classes and races coming into it from neighbouring districts exhibited a variety of picturesque pictures and costumes, among which our Artist found many subjects for his clever pencil.

PATMORE'S "RELIGIO POETÆ."

Religio Poetæ, &c. By Coventry Patmore. (George Bell and Sons.)—Mr. Patmore is one of the men about whom the world has been most mistaken. Some passages in his early writings, in which the dignity of poetry was certainly not sufficiently consulted, were laid hold of by unfriendly critics and made to produce the impression that the author's failings were of the babyish order, and this impression was assisted by the fluency and facility of his metre. Anyone who had really apprehended the deep wisdom, delicate observation, and epigrammatic pungency of the far larger portion of "The Angel in the House," must have accounted for its lapses, not as the amiable garrulities of a feeble mind, but as the wilful eccentricities of a mind of unusual strength, but crotchety and paradoxical even to perversity. So it was, and similar qualities have not ceased to distinguish, and similar failings to disfigure, Mr. Patmore's later writings, whether in verse or prose; although, instead of undue meekness and simplicity, he is now liable to be charged with undue resonance and pugnacity. Never has he been more paradoxical than in this collection of little essays, which will be distasteful to all readers except those who have the wisdom to be thankful for strong tonics. Mr. Patmore's power of compelling attention and reflection is remarkable; a more stimulating writer could hardly be named; and his style, lucid even when dealing with difficult subjects, is instinct with a grave and tempered dignity when he does not scold. There is, as in the author's latest poetical writings, too much of mere scolding; far too much of not merely unreasonable but unreasoning pessimism; and proof enough that no entirely sane or liberal view of things is possible when a writer starts with a mass of dogmas imposed upon him by external authority, with which he must make facts—political, moral, or literary—square as best he can. The worth of the book consists rather in the weight and significance of detached passages, and there is not a page on which such are not to be found. Among the essays which are sound all through, or very nearly so, may be named with especial pleasure those on "Morality in Art," "Peace in Life and Art," and "Obscure Books." The least satisfactory appear to us to be those on women, where Mr. Patmore, as poets generally do, propounds his own ideal as the universal type; and that on William Barnes, which has many admirable remarks on the essence of literary distinction, but as regards Barnes's own claim to rank among the distinguished, is mere assertion without proof, which it would have been exceedingly easy to have supplied.

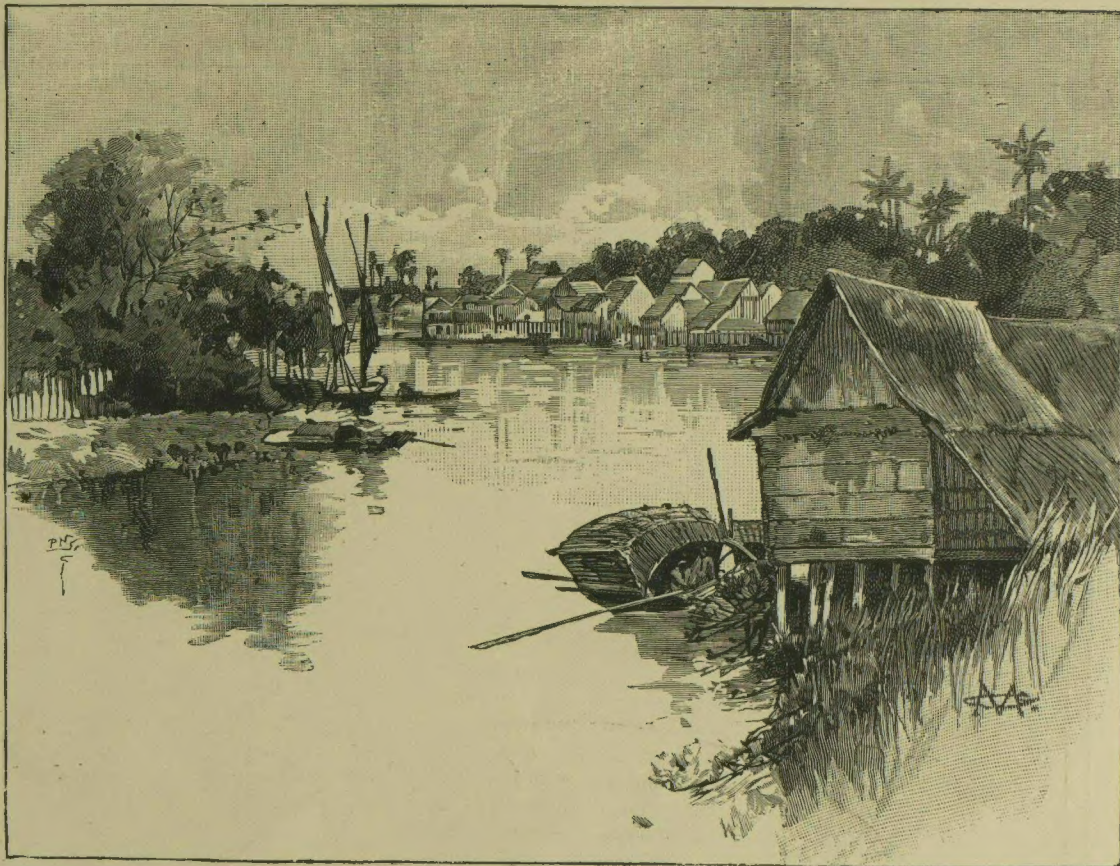
RICHARD GARNETT.

S K E T C H E S I N S I A M.

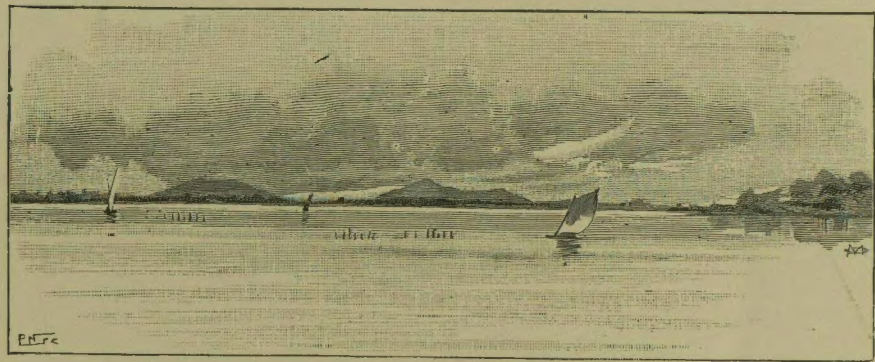
SIAM AND ITS FRENCH NEIGHBOURS.

The concessions which the King of Siam has been obliged to make to the French Government on the eastern side of his dominions look rather important on the map; but, in estimating their probable effect on the independence of the Siamese nation, there are some ethnographical considerations to be noticed, which materially detract from the real significance of this transaction. Although a very large space, about one thousand miles from north to south, with a breadth extending three hundred and fifty miles east and west, has been hitherto marked within the supposed limits of the Siamese dominion, it would be a mistake to imagine that all these territories were directly ruled by the Court of Bangkok or were ever the home of the Siamese nation. That people, who call themselves the "Thai," and whose total number does not exceed two millions, inhabit exclusively the valley of the Menam, where their ancient capital, Ayuthia, and Bangkok, the modern capital, are situated, and which is unquestionably their own country. But the whole region to the eastward, on both sides of the river Mekong, is occupied by quite different races, the semi-independent Laos in its northern part, bordering on the East-Asiatic kingdom of Annam, and the Khmer or Cambodians, around the great inland lake of Tuli-sap and the southern portion of the Mekong's course, including its delta, outside of the Gulf of Siam.

The kingdom of Cambodia, still existing, but, like that of Annam, under a French Protectorate, formerly included those fertile countries on the western and northern shores of the lake, called the provinces of Battambang and Angkor, or Siem-riep, which were annexed by Siam towards the end of the last century. Their population, of the Khmer race, is about half a million, while that of the present kingdom of Cambodia may be estimated at one million. That Cambodia is a native Asiatic State of far greater antiquity than Siam, and one that attained a marvellous degree of wealth and power and of semi-barbaric civilisation, though its written historical records have been lost, is proved by the stupendous ruins of Khmer cities, palaces, and temples, to the north and to the west of the great lake, now within the Siamese dominions. It is not surprising that the Cambodians of the present day, who have recently accepted French protection, but whose King preserves a titular sovereignty and who cherish their ancient institutions, customs, and traditions, should look for the eventual recovery of Battambang and Angkor, comprising those renowned monuments of the glory of their nation. Moreover, the entire basin



OLD TOWN OF CHANTABUN.



THE PORT OF CHANTABUN, ON THE GULF OF SIAM.

of the lake Tuli-sap, with its river outlet to the south joining the Mekong River at Phnom-penh, the chief city of Cambodia, forms a grand system of navigable waters, the secure use of which, free from Siamese interference, promises to restore the old prosperity of the country, since the lower course and the maritime outlets of the Mekong flow through the French colonial province of Cochin China. Under Siamese rule, for many years past, the Khmer province of Battambang has



CUSTOM HOUSE, PAKNAM, MENAM RIVER.

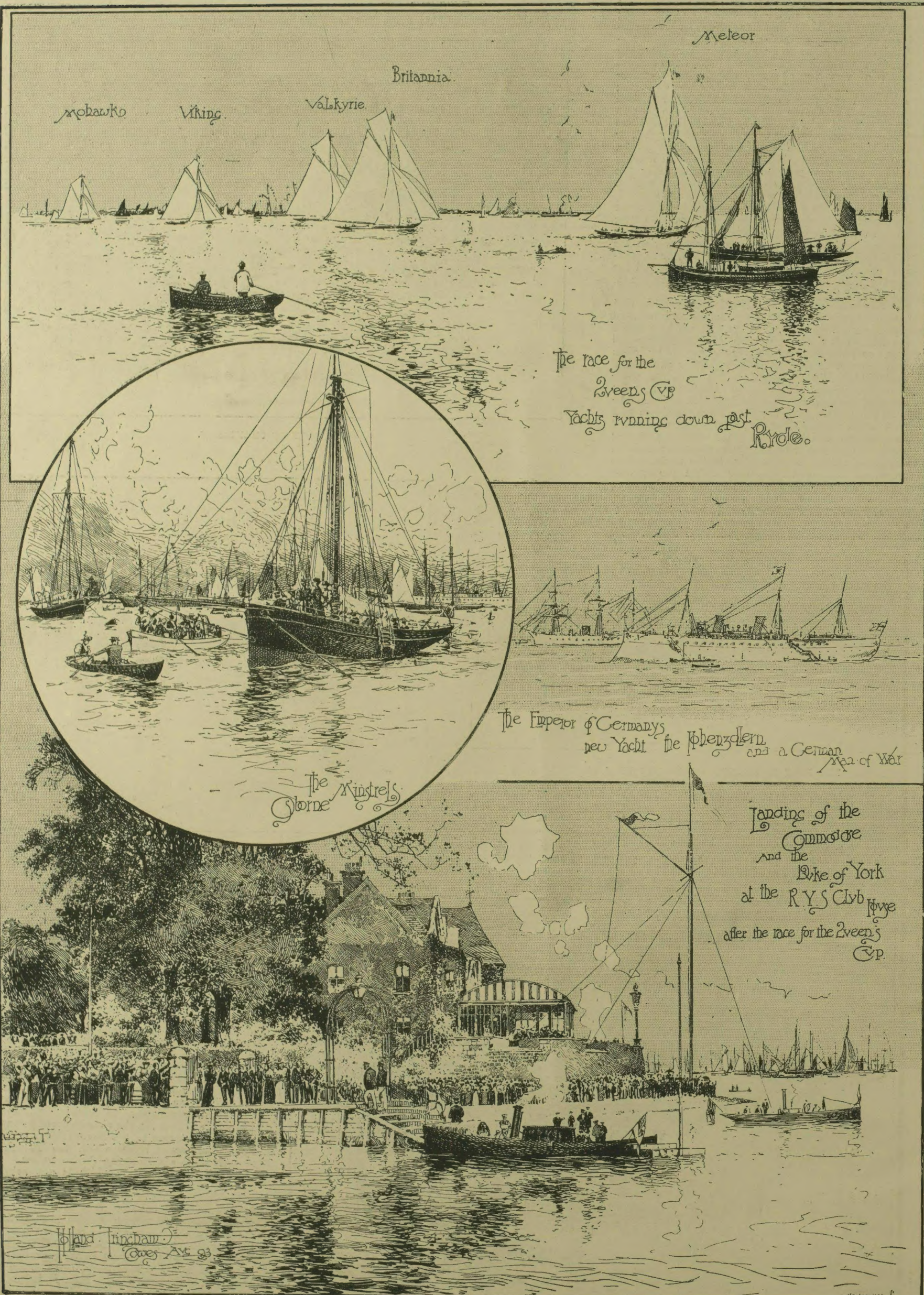


ON THE MENAM RIVER.

been arbitrarily forced to divert its traffic in a south-westerly direction to the seaport of Chantabun, on the coast of the Gulf of Siam, about seventy miles from the Cambodian frontier. It is for this reason and with a view to remedy the loss which has thus been inflicted on Cambodian trade that the French Government has now insisted on having the port of Chantabun put under its own administration. That place, of which we present a view, is not a large town, and its inhabitants are mostly Chinese and Cochin-Chinese; but its exports of hides, timber, pepper, coffee, sugar, tobacco, and salt fish to Saigon and other French ports are of considerable value. The mountains to the north-east of Chantabun are believed to be rich in minerals.

The relations between the Laos, on the Upper Mekong, and the Kingdom of Annam, seem to be more obscure, as the Laos, numbering in the aggregate a million and a half, are divided into tribal leagues, which have owned a kind of subjection, alternately, to Annam, Cambodia, China, Burmah, and Siam, in the vicissitudes of past wars.

At the entrance to the Menam River is Paknam, with its Siamese forts, before which the French gun-boats recently made a threatening demonstration. Bangkok is forty miles up the river, which is obstructed by a bar allowing scarcely 4 ft. depth of water at ebb tide and 12 ft. at high tide, so that large ships must discharge their cargoes in the roadstead outside. It is at Bangkok that all the direct trade of Siam with Europe is centred, and Great Britain has the larger part of it, amounting, however, in the year 1891, to not more than £100,000 value of exports direct from Siam to England, chiefly hewn teak, with direct imports of iron and machinery, some cotton goods, and hardware, to the same value. There is, indeed, a considerable export of Siamese rice to Hong-Kong, and some import of British manufactures from Singapore, making the whole trade of Siam with British possessions amount to nearly a million and a half sterling.



Meteor

Britannia

Mohawke

Viking

Valkyrie

The race for the
Zween's Cup
Yachts running down Port
Ryde.

The Globe
Kinstrels

The Emperor of Germany's
new Yacht the Hohenzollern
and a German
Man of War

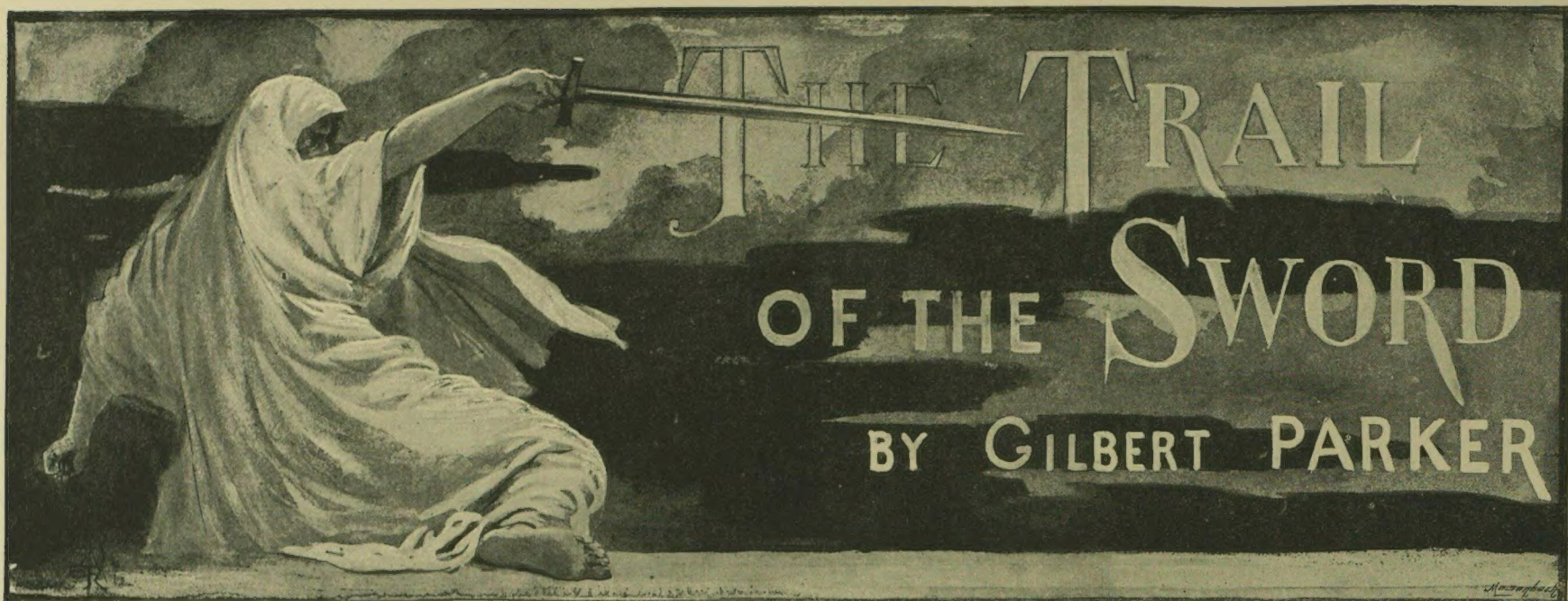
Landing of the
Commodore
and the
Duke of York
at the R.Y.S. Club House
after the race for the Zween's
Cup.

Holland & Fincham
Covers, Aug. 23

C. HENTON & S.



THE DOVES.



CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

QUI VIVE!

From Land's End to John o'Groat's is a long tramp, and there are few who have made it. That from Montreal to Hudson's Bay is a far longer, and yet many have made it; more, however, in the days of which we are writing than now, and with greater hardships also then. But weighed against the greater hardships there was a bolder temper and a more romantic spirit.

How strange and severe a journey it was only those can tell who have travelled those wastes, even in these later days, when paths have been beaten down, even from Mount Royal, from where Champlain first turned his eyes to the golden West, to the lodges of the North. When they started the ice had not yet all left the Ottawa River, and they wound their way through crowding floes, or portaged here and there for miles, the eager sun of spring above with scarcely a cloud to trail behind him. At last the river cleared, and for leagues they travelled to the north-west, and came at last to the Lake of the Winds. They travelled across one corner of it, to a point where they would strike an unknown path to Hudson's Bay.

Iberville had never before seen this lake, and, with all his knowledge of great proportions, he was not prepared for its vastness and splendour. They came upon it in the evening, and camped beside it. They watched the sun spread out his banners, presently veil his head in them, and sink below the world. And between them and that sunset was a vast rock stretching out from a ponderous shore; a colossal stone lion, resting Sphinx-like, keeping its faith with the ages. Alone, the warder of the West, stormy, menacing, even the vernal sun could give it little cheerfulness. But to Iberville and his followers it brought no gloom at night, nor yet in the morning when all was changed, and a soft silver mist hung over the "great water," like dissolving dew, through which the sunlight came with a strange solemn delicacy. Upon the shore were bustle, cheerfulness, and song, until every canoe was launched, and then the band of warriors got in, and presently were away in the haze.

The long bark canoes, with lofty prows, stained with powerful dyes, slid along this path swiftly, the paddles noiselessly cleaving the water with the precision of a pendulum. One followed the other with a space between, so that Iberville in the first, looking back, could see a diminishing procession, the last seeming large and weird—almost a shadow—as it were a part of the weird atmosphere. On either side was that soft, plumbless diffusion, and ahead the secret of untravelled wilds and the fortunes of war.

As if by common instinct, all gossip ceased soon after they left the shore, and, cheerful as was the French Canadian, he was—and is—superstitious. He saw sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and the supernatural in everything. Simple, hardy, occasionally bloody, he was ever on the watch for signs and wonders; and a phase of nature influenced him after the manner of a being with a temperament. Often as some of the woodsmen and rivermen had seen this strange effect, they now made the sacred gesture as they ran on. The pure moisture lay like a fine exudation on their brown skins, glistened on their black hair, and hung from their beards, giving them a mysterious look. The colours of their canoes and clothes were softened by the dim air and long use, and there seemed to accompany each boat and each person an atmosphere within this other haze, a spiritual kind of exhalation; so that one might have thought them, with the crucifixes on their breasts, and that unworldly, distinguishing look which comes to those who live much with Nature, as sons of men going upon such mission as did they who went into the far land with Arthur.

But the silence could not be maintained for long. The first flush of the impression gone, these half-barbarians, with the simple hearts of children, must rise from the almost

melancholy, somewhat religious, mood into which they had been cast. As Iberville, with Sainte Hélène and Perrot, sat watching the canoes that followed, with voyageurs erect in bow and stern, a voice in the next canoe, with a half-chanting modulation, began a song of the voyageurs. Voice after voice slowly took it up, until it ran along the whole procession. A verse was sung, then a chorus altogether, then a refrain of one verse which was sung by each boat in succession to the last. As the refrain of this was sung by the last boat it seemed to come out of the great haze behind. Verses of the old song are still preserved—

Qui vive!

Who is it cries in the dawn—

Cries when the stars go down—

Who is it comes through the mist

The mist that is fine like lawn

The mist like an angel's gown—

Who is it comes in the dawn?

Qui vive! Qui vive! in the dawn

Qui vive!

Who is it passeth us by,

Still in the dawn and the mist

Tall seigneur of the dawn:

A two-edged sword at his thigh

A shield of gold at his wrist!

Who is it hurrieth by?

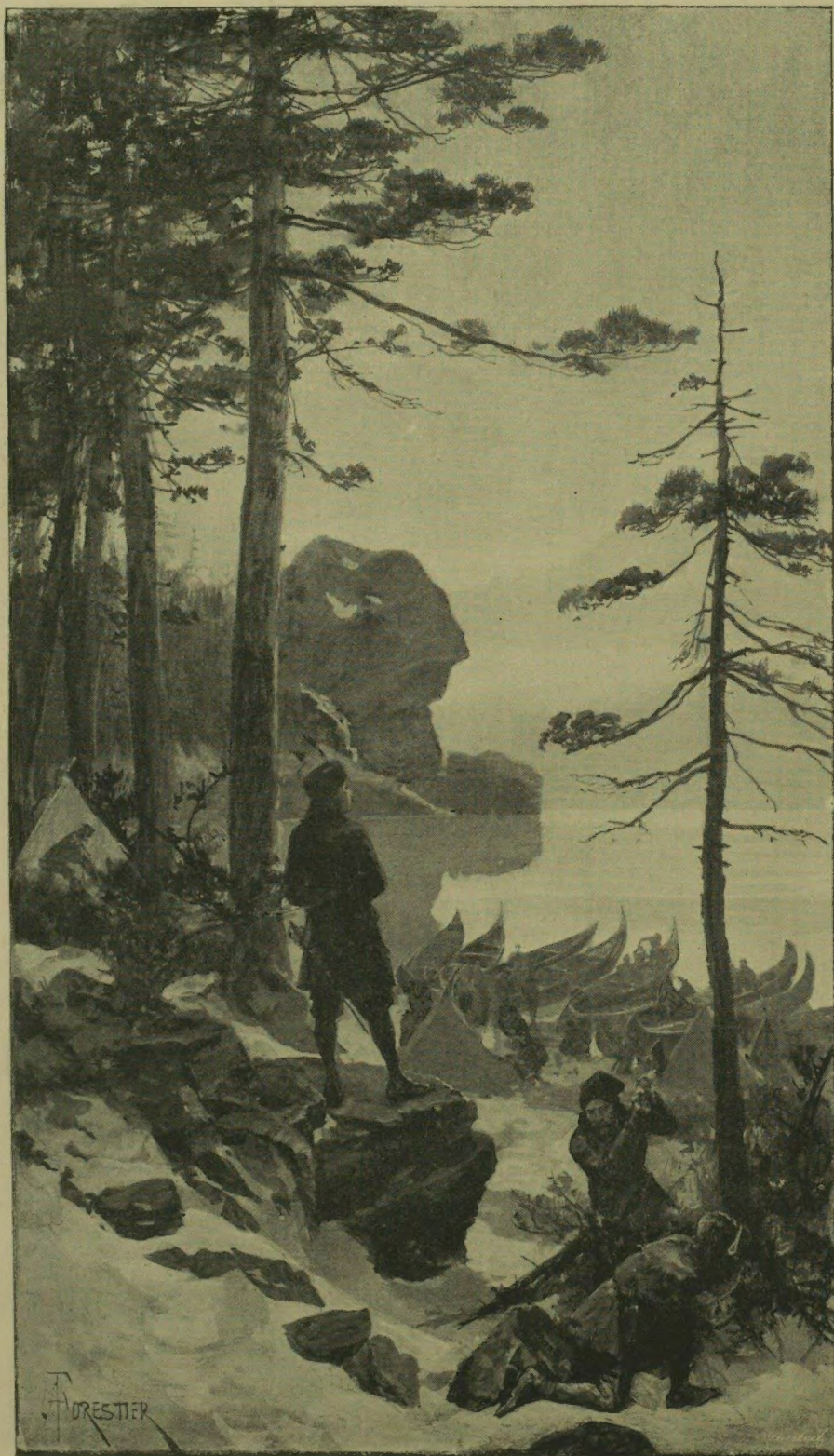
Qui vive! Qui vive! in the dawn.

Under the influence of this beautiful mystery of the dawn, the slow thrilling song, and the strange happy loneliness—as though they were in the wash between two worlds, while sailing on to the new—Iberville got the great inspiration of his life. He would be a discoverer, a maker of new empires, the faithful captain of his King, a trader in provinces. . . . And in that he kept his word: years after; but he kept it. There came with this, what always comes to a man of great ideas: the woman who should share his prowess. Such a man, having to choose between the woman and the idea, will ever decide for the woman after he has married her; sacrificing what—however much he hides it—lies behind all. But he alone knows what he has sacrificed. For it is in the order of things that the great man shall be first the maker of kingdoms and homes, and then the husband of his wife and a begetter of children. Iberville knew that this woman was not more to him than the feeling just come to him; but he knew also that while the one remained the other would also.

He stood up and folded his arms, looking into the silence and mist. His hand mechanically dropped to his sword, and he glanced up proudly to the silver flag with its fleurs-de-lys, floating softly on the slight breeze they made as they passed.

"The sword!" he said under his breath. "The world and a woman by the sword: there is no other way."

He had the spirit of his time. The sword was its faith, its magic. If two men loved a woman, the more natural way to make happiness for them all was to let the sword do its eager office. For they had, after all, one of the least-believed and unpopular of truths, that a woman's love is more a matter of mastery and possession than instinct, two men being of comparatively equal merit—and manners.



Iberville had never before seen this lake, and with all his knowledge of great proportions, he was not prepared for its vastness and splendour.

His figure seemed to grow larger in the mist, and the grey haze gave his hair a frosty coating, so that age and youth seemed strangely mingled in him. He stood motionless for a long time as the song went on—

"Qui vive!"

Who saileth into the morn,
Out of the breath of the dawn?
'Follow, Oh, follow me on!'—
Calleth a distant horn.

He is here—is there—is gone,
Tall seigneur of the dawn!

Qui vive! Qui vive! in the dawn."

Someone touched Iberville's arm. It was Dollier de Casson. Iberville turned to him, but they did not speak at first. The priest knew his friend well.

"We shall succeed, Abbé," Iberville said.

"May our quarrel be a just one, Pierre!"

"The forts are our King's: the man is with my conscience."

"But if you bring sorrow to the woman?"

"You brought me a gift from her!"

His finger touched his doublet.

"She is English."

"She is what God made her."

"She may be sworn to the man."

Iberville started, then shook his head incredulously. "He is not worthy of her."

"Are you?"

"I know her value better, and prize it more."

"You have not seen her for four years."

"I had not seen you for four years—and yet!"

"You saw her then only for a few days, and she was so young!"

"What are days or years? Things lie deep in us till some great moment, and then they spring into life, and are ours for ever. When I kissed Louis' hand I knew that I loved my King; when De Montespán's, I hated, and shall hate for ever. When I first saw this English girl I waked from youth, and was born again into the world. I had no doubts, I have none now."

"And the man?"

"One knows one's enemy even as the other. There is no other way but this, Dollier. He is the enemy of my King, and he is greatly in my debt. Remember the Spaniards' country!"

He laid his hand upon his sword. The face of the priest was calm and grave, but in his eyes was a deep fire. At heart he was a soldier, a loyalist, a gentleman of France. Perhaps there came to him then the first dreams of his youth, before a thing happened which made him at last a servant of the Church after he had been a soldier of the King.

Presently the song of the voyageurs grew less, the refrain softened and passed down the long line, and, as it were, from out of infinite mists came the muffled challenge—

"Qui vive! Qui vive! in the dawn."

Then a silence fell once more.

But presently from out of the mists there came, as it were, the echo of their challenge—

"Qui vive! Qui vive! in the dawn."

The paddles stilled in the water, and a thrill ran through the line of voyageurs: even Iberville and his friends were affected by it.

Then there suddenly emerged from the haze on their left, ahead of them, a long canoe with tall figures in bow and stern, using long paddles. They wore long cloaks, and feathers waved from their heads. In the centre of the canoe, was what seemed a body under a cloak, at its head and feet small censers. The smell of the wood came to them, and a little trail of sweet smoke was left behind as the canoe swiftly passed into the mist on the other side, and was gone.

It had been seen vaguely. No one spoke, no one challenged; it had come and gone like a dream.

What it was, no one, not even Iberville, could guess, though he imagined it a pilgrimage of burial, such as was sometimes made by distinguished members of Indian tribes. Or it may have been—which is likely—a dead priest being carried by Indian friends.

The impression left upon the party was, however, characteristic. There was none but, with the smell of the censers in his nostrils, made the sacred gesture, and had the Jesuit Silvy or the Abbé de Casson been so disposed the event might have been attributed to the supernatural.

After a time the mist cleared away, and nothing could be seen on the path they had travelled but the plain of clear water and the distant shore which they had left. Ahead of them was another shore, and this they reached at last. Where the mysterious canoe had vanished, none could tell?

Days upon days they travelled, now with incredible labour, now portaging over a stubborn country, now placing their lives in hazard as they shot down hitherto untravelled rapids.

One day, on the Black Wing River, a canoe was torn open, and its three occupants were thrown into the rapids. Two of them were expert swimmers and were able to catch the stern of another canoe as it ran by, and reached safe water, bruised but alive. The third was a boy, Maurice Joval, the youngest of the party, whom Iberville had been at first loth to bring with him. But he had remembered his own ambitious youth, and had consented, persuading the De Troyes that the

lad would be worth any amount of encouragement. His canoe was not far behind when the other ran on the rocks. He saw the lad struggle bravely, and strike out; but a cross current caught him, and carried him towards the steep shore. There he was thrown against a rock. His strength seemed to fail. He grasped the rock, however. It was scraggy, and though it tore and bruised him he clung to it.

Iberville threw off his doublet, and prepared to spring as his boat came down. But another had made ready. It was the Abbé, with his cassock gone, his huge form showing finely. He laid his hand upon Iberville's arm. "Stay here," he said: "I go; I am stronger."

But Iberville, as cries of warning and appeal rang out around him—the drowning lad had not cried out at all!—sprang into the water. Not alone. The Abbé looked around him, made the sacred gesture, and then sprang also into an eddy a distance below, and at an angle made his way up towards the two. Priest though he was, he was also an



Then came the priest, for Iberville, battered as he was, would not stir until the Abbé had gone up—a stout strain on the rope.

expert riverman, and his vast strength served him royally. He saw Iberville tossed here and there but with impossible strength and good fortune reach the lad. The two grasped each other, and then struck out for the high shore. De Casson seemed to discern what would happen. He altered his course, and made for the shore also at a point below. He reached it. It was steep, and had no trees. He saw this with a kind of despair. Yet his keen eyes also saw, not far below, the dwarfed bole of a tree jutting out from the rock. There lay a chance. Below this was a great turmoil of rapids. A prayer mechanically passed the priest's lips, though his thoughts were those of a warrior then. He almost enjoyed the danger for himself: his fear was for Iberville and for the motherless boy.

He had guessed and hoped aright. Iberville, supporting the now senseless boy, swung down the mad torrent, his eyes blinded with blood, so that he could not see. But he heard De Casson's voice, and with a splendid effort threw himself and the lad towards it. The priest also fought upwards to them, and caught them as they came. He had reserved

his great strength till now. He threw his left arm over the lad and relieved Iberville of his burden, but called to him to hold on. The blood was flowing into Iberville's eyes and he could do nothing else. But now came the fight between the priest and the demoniacal waters. Once—twice—thrice they went beneath, but neither Iberville nor himself let go, and to the apprehensive cries of their friends there succeeded calls of delight, for De Casson had seized the jutting bole, and held on. It did not give. They were safe for a moment.

A quarter of a mile below there was smoother water, and soon the canoes were ashore, and Perrot, Saint Hélène and others were running to the rescue. They arrived in time. Ropes were let down, and the lad was drawn up insensible. Then came the priest, for Iberville, battered as he was, would not stir until the Abbé had gone up—a stout strain on the rope. Fortunately there were clefts and fissures in the wall which could be used in the ascent. De Casson had consented to go first, chiefly because he was willing to gratify the still youthful pride of Iberville, who thought the soldier should see the priest into safety.

Iberville himself came up slowly, for he was stiff, and his limbs were shaking. His clothes were in tatters, and his fine face was like that of a warrior defaced by swords.

But he refused to be carried, and his first care was for the boy, who had received no mortal injury.

"You have saved the boy, Pierre," said the priest, in a low voice.

"Self-abasing always, dear Abbé: you saved us both! By heaven, but the King lost a great man in you!"

"Hush! Mere brawn, Pierre!—By the blessing of God," he added quickly.

(To be continued.)

SWIMMING.

Swimming. By Archibald Sinclair and William Henry. "The Badminton Library." (Longmans, Green, and Co., London).—The bas-reliefs in the Nimrod Gallery at the British Museum, wherein three aged persons are represented in the act of swimming an impossible river, are mentioned by the authors of the new "Badminton" volume in their proof of the antiquity of the exercise. As these slabs are pronounced by Mr. Layard to be nearly three thousand years old, they serve well enough for the purpose, if, indeed, there is any need to emphasise a point readily proved by a common reference to the Iliad and to Plutarch. Clearly, the "urinatores," or State divers, were an honourable body in Rome; and while encouragement may not always have followed knowledge of the art, it is evident that it is practically as ancient as humanity itself. Nowadays, happily, swimming is almost a national pastime. We teach it in our schools, and those of us who cannot swim are sufficiently ashamed of the fact. Even ladies have come to find pleasure in the water, and the opening everywhere of public baths is doing a work as vast as it is important. Such a state of things well warrants the issue of a book which has for its primary purpose the teaching of swimming in a scientific manner. A few years ago, swimming lessons were laughed at by a people which did not swim. Put a boy in the water, the instructor then said, let him flounder about at his sweet will, and in due time he will become a swimmer. The curriculum was more ready than it was successful. Many a lad had not the confidence to face deep water—many learnt to swim, but in a fashion which had neither speed nor elegance. There was then no profound analysis of method, no real knowledge of those quasi-instinctive motions which enable a man to keep himself afloat when out of his depth. To-day, fine swimming is also a fine art. The instructor, who supports the tyro in the water by means of a band hanging from a pole, can show him exactly how to draw up his legs, how to shoot out his arms when his legs are extended, how to present the sole of his foot to the backwash to get the best advantage from

the push, how to breathe regularly between each stroke—he can teach him, in fact, more in an hour than the lad could learn by himself in a twelvemonth; and it is the essence of this teaching both of swimming and of diving that the new volume embodies. Of the latter exercise much is deservedly said, for the high dive has always possessed a curious fascination, and will continue to do so. "Swimming" teaches us how to dive rationally and with grace; it enlightens us as to the mysteries of the backward somersault, of the long plunge, of the high dive; and at the same time it glances at the history and the feats of diving as narrated by unvarnished witnesses. The book will do much good, if only in proving how utterly false are many of the stories of long-sustained diving in the Ceylon and Indian seas. There, we are assured, men have not, apparently, inexhaustible respiratory organs; they cannot remain under water for five or six minutes; they do not dispute each pearl-oyster with a shark. Rather, the divers rarely tempt fate for more than fifty or sixty seconds; they are by no means capable of anything which would stagger a skilful European; and the presence of a shark on the pearl-fields is extremely rare.



"THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD."

Then there suddenly emerged from the haze on their left, ahead of them, a long canoe with tall figures in bow and stern, using long paddles. They wore long cloaks, and feathers waved from their heads. In the centre of the canoe, was what seemed a body under a cloak; at its head and feet small censers.

SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



V.—THE DELIGHT OF DOING YOUR HAIR UP.

(Contributed by Miss Hilda Vanessa Isalde Banks-Tracy.)

It only happened three days ago, and it has made all the difference in the world. The servants even have changed perceptibly in their manner to me; Papa actually asked my opinion about an alteration in the garden, and took my advice, which he has never done before; any cabman whom I happen to employ now is more, far more, respectful than the cabmen used to be; I dine downstairs every night, and don't let any of my cousins kiss me any more. No, I never felt so proud in my life before—so perfectly superior to everybody. Three days ago I wore my hair down, and was a mere chit. Now I wear it up, and I am a grown lady. I fall asleep at night murmuring to myself out of sheer joy, "I wear it up—quite up—now."

I shall never go to a children's dance again. I was talking to Ethel Smith about it the other day—she did her hair up at the same time—and we have both sworn it. I would sooner die than be fetched at nine o'clock again. Why, in a very short time at nine o'clock I shall be just dressing to go out. I have received one or two invitations to children's parties from people who simply must have known the change that has taken place. Such invitations are, it seems to me, in very bad taste—almost insulting, in fact. Of course, I have refused them all, politely. It is not ladylike to be rude to others, even if they forget what is due to you. If you could see me now, with my hair done up and my dress right down to my ankles you would understand how perfectly preposterous it is to ask me, as a child, to a children's dance. I entirely refuse to over-eat myself, be kissed miscellaneously, and dance with boys who have not yet learnt the most elementary principles of correct behaviour. If I had been asked to go as an adult, in order to help to amuse the little things, that would have been a very different matter.

I need hardly say that this change in my position is very gratifying to me—in fact, the dearest delight in my life. There will be other joys; it will be very gorgeous to have white silk open-work stockings and a white tulle dress with a train, and know exactly what to do under very difficult circumstances. But even these do not affect one's whole life so deeply as doing up one's hair. No one who has not for the first time worn a veil and had her name engraved on her Mamma's cards can quite know what it really means. It would be useless to try to explain it to a man. Besides, it is too holy; it is not the kind of thing that one would even speak about if men were present. I own that even in these moments of ecstasy there may be one touch of bitterness. There is in my case. It is my fault. I can only plead that I was very young and very inexperienced when the incident to which I refer first commenced. I must put an end to that incident now, and I only hope that I may not be too late—that things may not have gone too far. Reginald Smith is fifteen, but anyone would shrink from driving him to desperation. There is that in him which seems to tell you that under such circumstances he might become dangerous. To do up your hair teaches you to be careful how you toy with hearts.

Reginald Smith is Ethel's younger brother. We have known each other ever since we were babies. But it was only two years ago that we began to be, in the slightest degree, anything to each other. I can remember the night that first revealed to me the real Reginald, and showed me that our souls were in sympathy. We were at a children's party. The tea, I am bound to say, was very well done; but afterwards there was a conjurer, who did not amuse me at all. He brought a live white mouse out of my hair, which I thought—and still think—was a liberty. I said as much to Reginald, who was sitting next to me.

"That man had better be careful," he answered, "very careful. I sha'n't stand much more."

"What will you do?" I asked.

He laughed bitterly. "Never mind," he said. "I sha'n't do anything in here. There are other places, where a man is not restrained by the presence of ladies."

You can understand from this what Reginald was like even at the age of thirteen. I thought it better to calm him, so I told him that I had seen the same conjurer twice before, and that this was the first time that he had so far forgotten himself.

"I have seen him three times before," Reginald answered, "three times this season. I seem to have seen everything three times."

"Do you get very tired of them?" I asked gently.

"I never get tired of seeing you," he answered.

I changed the subject hurriedly. I own that I felt gratified by his attentions.

Later in the evening, the conjurer asked Reginald to take a card.

"Not after what has occurred," Reginald answered firmly. The conjurer moved away at once; probably he scented danger. I cannot continue the history of that night in detail: at a critical moment, when my whole future was hanging upon my answer to a question that Reginald put to me, I was fetched. He afterwards went to a preparatory school, and for some months I heard nothing of him. Then I got a letter from him asking me to join him on a desert island which another boy called Tompkins knew of, to which they intended to go shortly. He said that he was then arranging the details of their flight, and that in all probability I should have to disguise myself as an Italian peasant, or all would be lost. I wrote and refused to come; I reminded him of his duty to his parents, and told him that I did not think Tompkins could be a very nice friend for him to have.

Since then I have met Reginald Smith often—too often, I fear. Even at the age of thirteen we feel things deeply, but at that time I had committed myself much less, the affair had not gone on for so long, and I might have told him

definitely that I could give him no hope. Now it is much more difficult; he is slightly over fifteen, and the thing is really serious.

Still, it will have to be done. I frequently think about it while I am doing my hair up, and I see no way out of it. Girls should be particularly careful not to get themselves entangled when they are young. As far as I can make out, Reginald Smith has no sort of prospects. Of course, the father has money, but it is a very large family, and I fancy that the girls—very plain, poor dears!—will be a constant expense. I do not see who is going to marry them. Besides, he is younger than I am. No! Reginald Smith must go.

That really is the only thing which overshadows in the least my delight in doing my hair up. I can write no more about it, because I hear a ring and knock. It is so pleasant to be able to go down and take one's proper position in the drawing-room! What! the Hon. Ralph Molchill? Yes, *certainly*, I must go down. Who was it told me the other day that there were only two lives between Ralph and the title, and one of them consumptive?



He brought a live white mouse out of my hair

THE LATEST BRITISH DEPENDENCY: THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

A formal British Protectorate has now been established in these islands, which for some years past have been comprised within the jurisdiction of the British High Commissioner for the affairs of the Western Pacific Ocean. They are situated between five and twelve degrees south of the Equator, to the east of New Guinea, in the Melanesian region. There are six large islands, called San Cristobal, Melaita, Guadalcanar, Florida, and Ysabel, with twenty or thirty smaller isles, one of which, Ulana, is the station of a Church of England mission. Some of these islands are mountainous, rising to summits 8500 feet high, and the scenery on the Bokokinbo and Aola rivers, in Guadalcanar, is very picturesque. The land is generally fertile, yielding cocoanut, breadfruit, yams, and sago in abundance, and may be cultivated for sugar and cotton. The natives, who are of the black Papuan race, are in a savage condition, especially in the northern islands, where they are fierce head-hunters and cannibals; they use bone-pointed spears, and bows and arrows, in fighting. They have large canoes, which have tall prows and sterns, rising in wooden pillars elegantly adorned with carvings. The men wear no clothing but a loin-band, the women a small shirt. At Rubiana, one of their chief towns, they worship a grotesque idol, which consists of an upright block of

which nobody who possesses the most remote acquaintance with science (and shall I add common sense?) can for a moment entertain.

The people who swallow such stories unhesitatingly and freely, never seem to dream that, even if a live frog or toad is seen hopping about among the rock debris in a mine or quarry, its presence may be accounted for on principles which make no such outrageous demands on our common sense. These animals may find their way into crannies and crevices, and may survive for a long time in the absence of food, and then be discovered, if, by some chance, the rock happens to be broken up. We should exhaust the possible and probable before we rush to the miraculous for a theory; and cold-blooded animals are able to survive for periods and under circumstances which would very soon prove fatal to animals of higher organisation. This is the real explanation, I believe, of the frog and toad stories. It is a case of the animal getting into some crevice in a rock, and of living there for a time when its discovery takes place. What one would wish to see supplied by the believers in the tales is the matrix in which the geologic frog was embedded, and the imprint of the wondrous animal which, packed in stone, did not become fossilised, and which survived all through the long aeons without food and without air. Needless to say, the matrix has never been forthcoming. I have even heard of a live frog being disinterred from a block of marble. Mr. James Payn, I fancy, has a story to this effect, where a live frog was found in a marble mantel-



A GIRL OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.



OUR FELLOW-SUBJECTS IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

wood cut into a rude likeness of the human face, with inlaid rings for eyes and ears.

We are indebted to Captain Edward H. M. Davis, R.N., for the photographs we have reproduced on this page.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The inevitable live frog in the solid rock—or, as it has of late been dubbed, “the geologic frog”—has made its annual reappearance. A lively discussion has been conducted for some weeks past in the columns of the *Glasgow Herald* on this famous animal, which rivals the sea-serpent in its claims upon public notice. It has always appeared to me at least, a singular fact that people can possibly credit these frog stories, and I can only account for their belief on the ground that they do not realise to what their adherence to such legends commits them. If a live frog were found entombed in a “solid” rock, it could only be presumed to have got there when the rock was in a soft condition (that is when it was sand, or mud, or other soft deposit), and before it became hardened into veritable stone. This, at least, is what the popular stories practically ask us to believe. It is not a question of a rock being first formed, and the frog or toad gaining access to the rock thereafter; for that idea would imply that the strata were not solid, and would cut away the ground from beneath the feet of the believers in the narratives so concisely told us. Now, that a live frog could be so entombed in a soft deposit, that it could survive the pressure to which all stratified rocks must have been subjected, and that it could live without food and breathe without air during the millions of years which have assuredly elapsed since even the chalk period, to say nothing of the far back coal period, is surely a hypothesis

shelf; Mr. Payn's story being, of course, a piece of pure fiction, and intended to be taken as such. Marble is a metamorphosed limestone, which has had a good deal of heating up and cooling down in the course of its history; and how a poor live frog could survive changes in a rock, which, by-the-way, has had all its fossils obliterated by these changes, will, I fancy, puzzle anybody to account for or explain.

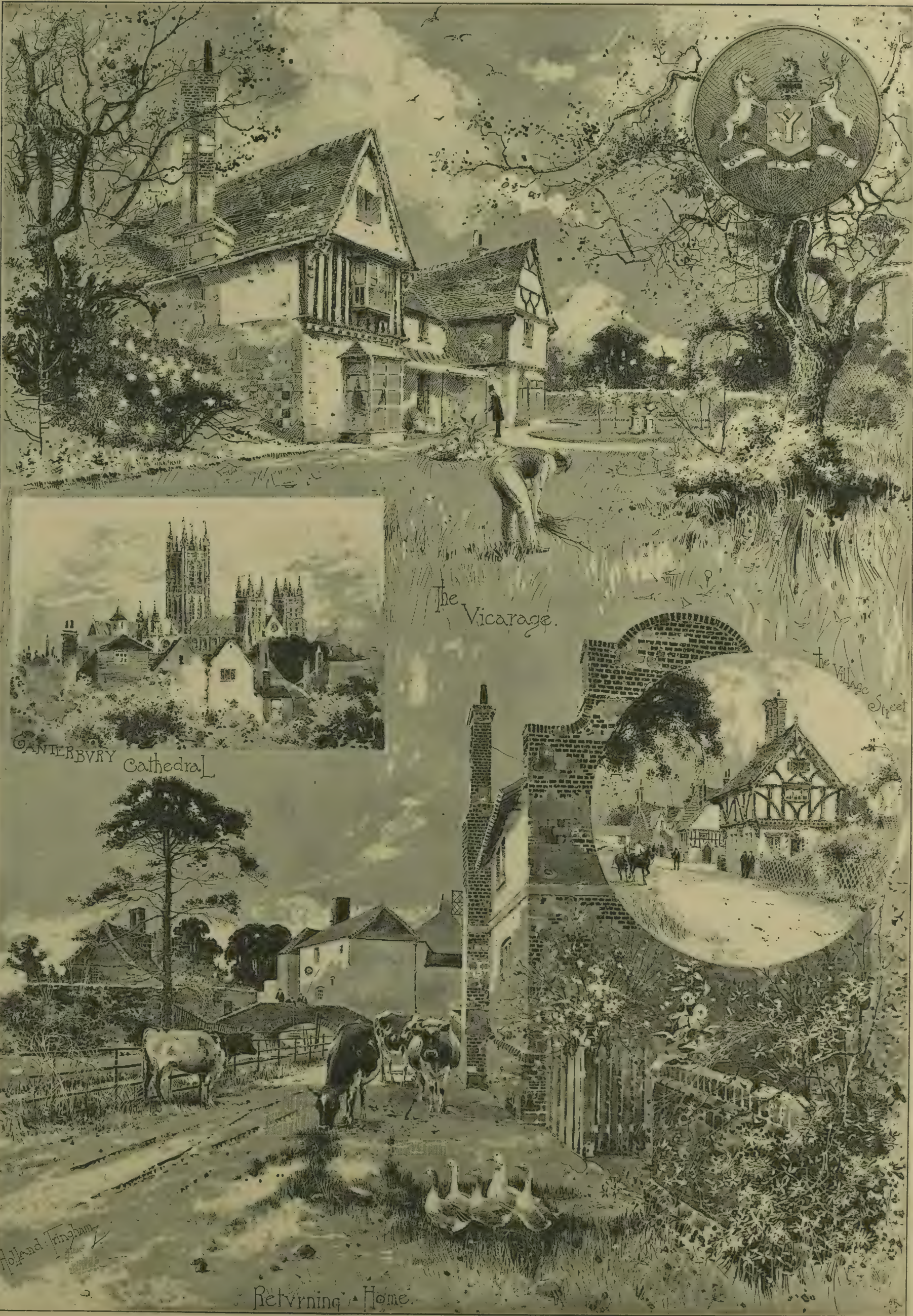
Most of my readers are aware that a certain species of primula (*P. obconica*) has the undesirable power of producing a very irritating skin eruption when its leaves are handled. This fact is well known to gardeners and others, and medical men are often called upon to treat the irritation thus produced. The flowers of this primula have no power of producing the irritation, and it seems it is not necessary that the juice of the leaves be placed on the skin. Mere contact with the leaves appears to be sufficient, and I observe it is chronicled that if the fingers be applied

to the face after touching the leaves, the eruption will appear on the face. A lapse of some hours is also said to take place before the effects are produced. I suppose some irritating hairs of the leaf, with a glandular secretion, constitute the cause of the irritation; and the analogy between this mode of plant-attack and that of the nettle-leaf will occur to most readers. My friend Dr. Maxwell Ross, Medical Officer of the County of Dumfries, relates to me that in a certain prison an eruption followed the carrying of parsnips in the case of prisoners occupied in gardening. No other conceivable cause for the eruption was traceable. I confess this property of the parsnip-leaf was a revelation to me. Perhaps some of my readers may be able to afford me information on this point.

I observe that the report of the Committee appointed by the British Medical Association to investigate the claims of hypnotism as a curative agent, repeats the old and recognised opinion, that hypnotism is a genuine condition—that is to say, it represents a certain condition of brain, capable of being induced in various ways and by varying methods. The report adds that different degrees and results are produced in different individuals, these results varying from altered consciousness and temporary limitation of will power, to the production of illusions and hallucinations. The practical result is that hypnotism is declared to be “frequently effective in relieving pain, procuring sleep, and alleviating many functional ailments.” The Committee point out that dangers are not unknown in connection with the practice of hypnotism, and are firm in their declaration that its use should be confined (by law, I presume) to qualified medical men, an opinion with which I am sure all reasonable people will agree. That public exhibitions of mesmerism should be prohibited in this country, as they are prohibited abroad, is also a very legitimate conclusion. For my own part, I am sceptical of the value of any method of treating disease, the rationale of which consists essentially in depriving a person of his consciousness and will. Hypnotism may be a useful agent in some cases. I maintain that its disadvantages and dangers outweigh its value as a medicinal agent.



ON THE BANKS OF SAN CRISTOBAL.



A MODEL VILLAGE: PATRICKSBOURNE, NEAR CANTERBURY.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: STEAM TACTICS.

"THORNS."

BY ANDREW LANG.

Surely the most inventive authors do not write anything so original as the letters which they receive. Thackeray used to speak of these epistles as thorns in his editorial cushion, but one may have no editorial cushion and yet be tormented by thorns. He took his thorns very seriously; it is, on the whole, wiser to remark on the absurdity of the unasked-for communication. The worst of them is that, when they are very many and very foolish, they may goad a man into giving rather short answers.

When the Buzbuz Society (East-end, philanthropic and perfectly futile) asks one to lecture for it on Abyssinia, for example, a slight irritability is excusable. Why should one make a pilgrimage, and acquire a sore throat, in lecturing to a few young middle-class women on Abyssinia? For it is an audience of young middle-class women that you find in these Oriental homes of culture. Lecturing to them is not an affair of "elevating the masses." Nobody can be elevated by being lectured at, and the only thing that the masses want to be elevated is their wages. It is not easy to acquire a thirst for culture on a few shillings a week, and even more affluent persons do not pine for culture, as a matter of fact.

"Thorn" No. 2. Some one writes at great length from America reporting the conduct of a little native lecturer there, who partly supports himself by going about with a modern anecdote about myself. The anecdote demonstrates that I am "no gentleman." Well, that is what the cook said to the dustman, who replied "that's what I call a self-evident proposition." As a great author already quoted says, what books we might write if we put down all the myths that have been told about us! The word myth is here substituted for another short English term employed by Mr. Thackeray. The little American lecturer's anecdote was absolutely without foundation in fact, it was a myth, and a very pretty study is this personal modern mythology. You and I, let us say, are truthful people; we could no more concoct and circulate a myth than we could go into trances, or hypnotise people, or make tables walk about. We do not understand, we shall nevermuch admire,

that queer unholy state of mind, which it is most civil and, perhaps, most scientific, to call "mythopoeic." Even about the weight of a fish—we can keep within the normal margin—the personal equation of anglers varies; but perhaps two pounds in ten represents the usual average for which allowance must be made in tales of trout and salmon. From making this normal and apparently inevitable mental error to inventing a whole conversation which never took place, for example, is a step so long that the ordinary man cannot cross it. I believe the much-maligned human race is, on the whole, truthful. The myth-makers, like our little American specimen, are comparatively few, but they are very busy. As a rule, I think they believe in the stories they tell. Their gift is like that of seeing visions in the crystal. Everyone cannot see them; very few people can. The visions which people do see are, it seems, suggested to the unconsciously active fancy by spots lighter or darker in the crystal. So the myth-makers find their unconscious fancy stimulated by some point or spot in life or conduct which presently becomes a vision of something totally different. They, very naturally, take the hallucination for fact, and it is the tale of a hallucination which our Columbian friend retails to the intellectual ladies of Buffalo, or wherever it may be, at so much a head. An English lady, in a recently-published account of her crystal-gazing experiences, says that, when reading, she once raised her eyes, which fell on her crystal, and, lo! she beheld a green monkey running across it! Now, all life and experience is a crystal ball to our myth-maker; he sees something which is not, perhaps, a green monkey; he talks about it; in this case he lectures on it for ready money. He says the thing which, objectively and

historically, is not so, and was not so, but can we blame him? Can we be angry? *Il faut vivre*; and then there is that obscurely active unconscious fancy. Have you not often seen a myth in the making? You tell a lady (it is usually a lady) some anecdote. From a remark of hers you discover that she has taken it up by the wrong handle, that it has already become a myth in her unconscious fancy—perhaps a dangerous myth. The unconscious fancy, you may have observed, always turns everything, with miraculous ingenuity, to the worse. Well, you try to kill that myth; you labour, even with diagrams, to show what you really did mean, and the real meaning has generally not the most remote connection with the child of her unconscious imagination. Her fancy has constructed a legend, a picture out of some *point de repère* (as they say), which you never noticed at all. But perhaps you can never destroy her faith in her own myth, and it is dreadful to think how often this strange mental process must take place undiscovered. Of course this theory (which I have only just invented) clears the lecturer of any moral unpleasantness; no doubt he cannot help himself, though it is natural to wish that he would "help himself" at the expense of somebody else. And, again, the person who reported the circumstances, *he* may be the owner of the unconscious fancy; how is anyone to know?

This unexpected but valuable light on the origin of personal statements, far from correct, has led one away from the topic of thorns in general. Here is a third thorn. A lady, of course a total stranger (they are always total strangers), writes to say that Mr. X. has advised her to write a book on the Mediæval Poets of Podolia. She has written the book, and now will I tell her how to get it

ART NOTES.

In a remote unfurnished gallery of the Imperial Institute, unnoticed and unannounced, the competition works for the British Institution Scholarships have been "on view" to such as could find their way after having scrambled through the crowds which flocked to see the royal wedding presents. Whoever may have been responsible for this travesty of public exhibition, it reflects no credit upon those concerned. The only excuse for what may be literally described as a "hole and corner" business, is to be found in the fruits of this so-called public competition. The British Institution had played an important part early in the century in the development of the taste for pictures and art generally, and by its annual loan exhibitions had enabled collectors to compare notes and to establish their claims to be connoisseurs. The exhibitions were successful, and moreover the Institution received and inherited considerable sums from generous patrons. On the final dissolution of the body some few years since it was found that funds amounting to upwards of £20,000 were existing for which no definite object had been anticipated—and after much delay the Charity Commissioners—who claimed to have a word to say in the matter—propounded a scheme which, at all events, had the merit of being in no way connected with the known wishes of any benefactor of the deceased British Institution. No pictures were to be purchased, but scholarships of the value of £50 per annum, tenable for two years, were to be offered—three in painting, one in sculpture, one in engraving, and one in architecture. These scholarships, after the Royal Academy model, were to be open to all art students who had obtained gold or silver medals, scholarships, or money prizes of the minimum

value of £5 in any art school in the United Kingdom.

With conditions so wide and vague, it might be supposed that hundreds of young artists of either sex would be eager to compete, for the chances of earning £100 do not occur frequently in the years of an art student's life which precede his or her twenty-fifth birthday. For some unaccountable reason, however, only nineteen competitors have come forward this year for the six scholarships, worth in the aggregate £600. Of these, eleven are in painting, four in sculpture, three in architecture, and one in engraving who enjoys all the distinction of a "walk over." Of the prize-winners, three out of the six—Mr. George Spencer Watson, Mr. Leonard W. M. Wiens (painting), and Mr. Sydney Physick (sculpture)—come from the Royal Academy Schools; Miss L. M. Fisher (painting), from the Clapham Art Schools; Mr.

H. H. Reynolds (architecture), from the Birmingham Municipal School of Art; and Mr. Reginald E. J. Bush (engraving), from the Art Training School at South Kensington.

Nor was the quality of the work any excuse for the paucity of competitors. In one or two cases the black-and-white drawings from the cast were careful and even spirited, but in other respects, especially in the painting class, the exhibits were beneath criticism. The Charity Commissioners, as most people are aware, have strange ideas of the way in which public funds should be administered, and as a rule hamper trustees with limitations and restrictions which are fatal to all initiation on the part of the latter. It is, however, scarcely possible to suppose that they seriously wish to perpetuate or repeat such doleful results as those of the present competition, and the trustees, for the most part Academicians, can scarcely be proud of their duties, although they have been able to make the British Institution Funds a sort of supplement to those of the Royal Academy. The state of affairs revealed by this Exhibition demands inquiry and reform.

Sir Frederick Leighton's great picture "The Daphnephoria," which Mr. Holman Hunt was so anxious to see purchased for the National Gallery, is now on view at Messrs. Tooth's Galleries in the Haymarket. With all respect for Mr. Holman Hunt's taste and opinion, we are not heartbroken at the thought that the "Daphnephoria" will go to our friends and relatives of the "under-world." It contains some fine colouring, and the figures of the children at the fountain in the left corner of the picture are charming in their ease and simplicity, and the same may be said of the very sparse group of spectators in the background. The faces of the singing girls and children are all more or less contorted, and, possibly, it may have been these open-mouthed figures which appealed to Mr. Holman Hunt, who, in his picture of "May Morning on Magdalen Tower" has shown a similar treatment of the "human face divine."



H.M.S. RESOLUTION.

Photo by W. Parry, South Shields.

published? Surely this is carrying the division of labour too far. It is Mr. X.'s affair; the public does not care a penny for the Mediæval Poetry of Podolia. Then comes another lady, who sends an article; she might as well send it to the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade. I have no use for articles. She says, if I do not want it, will I pay her for it? And, listen ye authors at Chicago, while I tell a publisher's story, as near the truth as I can get it. The unconscious fancy may intrude, we are all human; but I try to keep him down. Well, this publisher; but no! There may be nervous authors whose constitutions could not resist the shock of the narrative. It must be carefully entrusted to some more strong-souled member of the author's society.

THE NEW BATTLE-SHIP RESOLUTION.

One of the largest of our new war-ships, the Resolution, built on the Tyne by the Palmer Shipbuilding and Iron Company (Limited) and launched on May 28 last year, has now been completely fitted and sent to Portsmouth, with engines supplied by the same firm. This ship, which is 380 ft. long and 75 ft. broad, with a mean draught of 27 ft. 6 in., and with 14,150 tons of water-displacement, is constructed entirely of steel, including the stem, stern-post and rudder, and the masts. The hull is divided into 220 water-tight compartments, with longitudinal bulkheads, and there is a double bottom. The sides are protected by a steel-faced armour belt, 18 in. thick and 8 ft. 6 in. wide, extending 250 ft. amidships, and tapering at the ends to 14 in. thickness, with a lighter belt, 4 in. thick, above this, and the coal-bunkers behind it; there is also a protective steel deck 3 in. thick. The ship will carry four 67-ton breech-loading guns, ten 100-pounder quick-firing guns, and twenty or thirty light guns, with seven torpedo-tubes. The twin-screw engines have a power, at natural draught, of 9000 horse, giving a speed of sixteen knots an hour. The ship carries, at the designed load-line, 900 tons of coal, with which, at ten knots, she can steam 5000 miles.

A RUSSIAN OFFICIAL TOUR IN CENTRAL ASIA.—II.

Departing from Goulteha, up the course of the river bearing that name, the Russian Governor-General and his party arrived at Kouluwa-Toukai, or "The Shady Wood." They had passed the battle-field of Yangrik, where General Skobelev defeated Abdullah Bek. One of their companions, M. Rahl, a young engineer, here left the party to make his way over the Col of Taldyk, and across the valley of the Grand Alai, to Eastern Bokhara, with orders to measure the quantity of water contributed by the Sourhan and other sources of the Amou-Daria. He, unhappily, was seized with fever during this task, and died after being conveyed to the fortress of Kerki. The further progress of Baron Wrewsky's expedition, to the Col or Pass of Terek Davan, which is 12,000 ft. above the level of the sea, was sufficiently arduous, showing the rude experiences of mountain travel over the great natural barrier that separates the Russian from the Chinese empire in this part of Central Asia.

In going up from the Alai plateau towards the Pass of Terek Davan, Baron Wrewsky's travelling party stopped at the Darvasa, or "Open Gate," where tents were erected upon the rocky ground for a short halt and their breakfast. It was bitterly cold there in the wind from the mountains, and they all sat wrapped in their cloaks. Then, starting for the laborious ascent, which was encumbered with heaps of stones and fragments of rock, they soon observed on both sides of the path numerous skeletons and bones, human as well as those of beasts, the relics of caravans

which had perished in the snow or had been crushed by falls from the cliffs. It was a lugubrious spectacle; the men rode past it silently and sadly, even the horses seemed to feel alarmed by these tokens of the dangerous nature of the route. At its worst part, where a lofty snow-clad peak arose to the right hand, the track of those terrible avalanches could be seen, which sometimes, in February, March, or April, overwhelm the passing

vengeance by acts of extreme cruelty. It may be remembered that a British mission from India, under Sir Douglas Forsyth, crossed the Himalayas in 1873 or 1874, to visit Yakoub Bek, or "Bey" as we called him, when he was in power.

The Russian travellers, having crossed the Terek Davan, descended to the banks of a river, the Kara-Su, which flows through a fair and fertile plain. Their camp



CAMP BETWEEN "THE TWINS" (ROCKS), NEAR THE PASS OF TEREK DAVAN.



ENVOYS OF BOKHARA AND KARATEGIN WITH THE RUSSIAN GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND STAFF AT DARAOUT KOURGAN.

was pitched for the night between the two rocks or hillocks called the Ekiseks, "the Twins," shown in one of our Illustrations. Resuming the journey, they finally arrived, on Aug. 6, at its extreme point—namely, the fort of Irkishtam, on the Chinese frontier. This fort, situated on the little river Kisil-Su, at its junction with the Maltabar, the river which bounds the Russian dominion, is occupied by a small garrison of Cossacks, who are relieved at six-months intervals. Their situation, indeed, is not very pleasant; at an elevation of 7000 ft. the climate is severe; their food, vegetables, wheat flour, and salt, must be brought on horseback 200 versts from Osh, only a little barley growing here; and the water of the Kisil-Su is unfit to drink without boiling. This stream, the "Red River," which flows to the Lob Noor lake, described by General Przewalsky, holds in solution a vast quantity of mud. Its rapidity, when swollen by the melting of snow, forbids the

dividing the watershed of the Tarim from that of the Amou Daria. The pass is 11,600 ft. high; but the hills are grassy, and the road so easy that an "arba" could be taken over it, probably the first wheeled carriage ever seen on the Alai. The valley of the Grand Alai—to be distinguished from that of the Little Alai, below the northern slope of the Alai Mountains—is about two hundred versts long from east to west, and twenty or twenty-five wide. Its eastern part, towards Daraout Kourgan, has an elevation of 3000 ft., from which it declines so gently as to appear quite level. Here is abundant grassy pasture, where thousands of Kirghiz families, pitching tents in summer, feed their flocks and herds. The Trans-Alai range, bounding this valley on the northern side, rises to lofty snow-peaks—such as Mount Gouroundy, 24,000 ft. high; Mount Kaufman, 23,000 ft.; and Kizil Agyn, 21,500 ft.—of sublime aspect. On the open plain few wild animals are

lashing of whips and wrestling for the prize. There was also a well-contested foot-race.

Taking leave of the Bokhara envoy, Baron Wrewsky and his party then quitted the Alai, by the Tengis-Bai Pass, 12,000 ft. high, and descended, through the defile of Isfairam, into Ferghana. The scenery of the Isfairam is very wild, romantic, and picturesque; the path is difficult, and has often been dangerous, so that caravans from Ferghana to Karategin or Eastern Bokhara have sometimes gone a long way round to avoid it, but of late the road has been much improved. On Aug. 26 the travellers arrived at the village of Outch-Kourgan, situated on the verge of the Ferghana plain. Here nearly all the Russian troops in the province were assembled to welcome the Governor-General's return. They executed various military manoeuvres during the next two days. Proceeding to Marghilan, the Governor-General and his party



CASCADE OF ISFAIRAM, IN FERGHANA, RUSSIAN TURKISTAN.

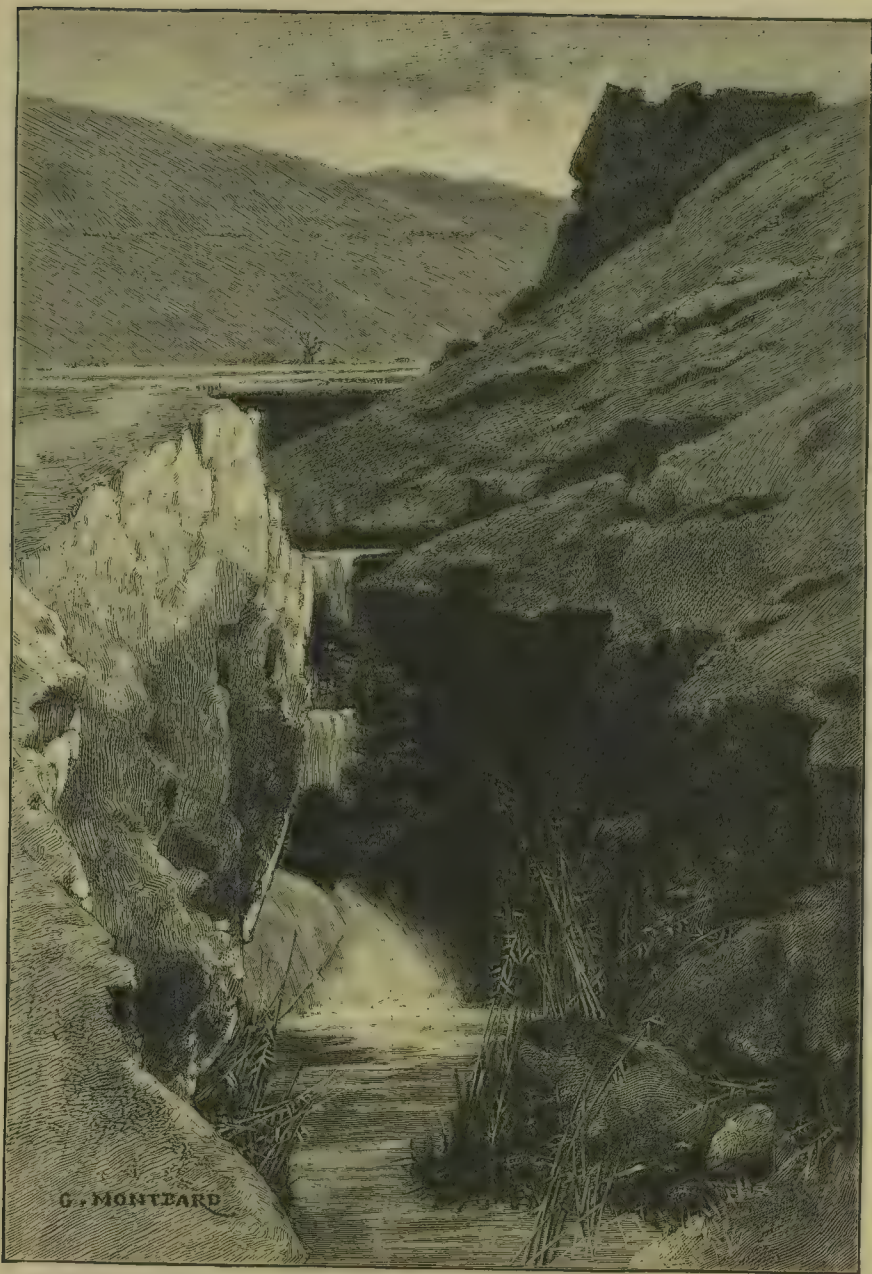
construction of bridges, and it is usually crossed by "arbas," vehicles with enormously high wheels, but only when the water is low. Higher up the river, beyond the frontier and forty versts from Irkishtam, is the Chinese fort of Oulong-tehat, under the command of General Kouan, who governs the whole border country. The Chinese General came, with an escort of his soldiers, to visit Baron Wrewsky at Irkishtam. Few of the soldiers were Chinese, mostly Dounganes or Kirghiz, riding small native horses, some armed with long pikes or lances, others with muskets and rifles of various patterns. The ensigns bore large white flags of triangular shape, covered with inscriptions, and having a red border. This troop, after saluting the Russian Governor-General, performed a series of light cavalry manoeuvres for his entertainment. General Kouan's interview with Baron Wrewsky, assisted by an interpreter, was a mutual exchange of courtesies. The Chinese commander afterwards went in company with the Russians some way on their return journey. Their route now lay over the Taoun-Mouroun range,

seen, except the innumerable marmots which burrow in the ground; but on the mountain slopes there is plenty of game, the wild goat, and the wild sheep called "Ovis Poli," with its enormous horns, peculiar to this region of Asia.

Travelling slowly eastward, on Aug. 18 the expedition reached Daraout Kourgan, where it was met by an envoy of the Emir of Bokhara and by the Bek of Karategin. They paid their respects to the Russian Governor-General, and were entertained at his table, carefully using the unaccustomed knife and fork in the eating of European dishes, and conversing through a Mussulman interpreter, whose manners also they copied. In return, they invited Baron Wrewsky to drink a cup of tea with them next day; but it was a sumptuous "dastarkhan," with all sorts of viands, roast and boiled, pilaffs, bread, and sweetmeats, served under large tents to a numerous company. It was followed by the exhibition of the "baiga," a favourite entertainment, which is a scramble of horsemen contending for the possession of a captive live goat, with furious

there obtained carriages and post-horses, with which they made their way home, on Aug. 29, to Tashkend.

On the whole, the observations made during this tour were very satisfactory, as they showed real improvement in the state of the population of those countries under the Russian dominion. The advancement of cultivation and of commerce may be estimated by the statistics of a single article—namely, cotton; for it appears, from official reports, that the production of American cotton in Ferghana, which in 1889 amounted to 100,000 pounds, exceeded six million pounds in the year 1891. It should be remarked that all the cotton-planters are natives of the country. We are much obliged to Prince Gagarine, whose interesting narrative we have been compelled to shorten, for communicating facts not only valuable and instructive to geographical students, but equally creditable to Russian administration in Central Asia, where that great Empire performs a civilising mission that cannot be regarded with jealousy by the rulers of India, as it cannot be otherwise than beneficial to mankind.



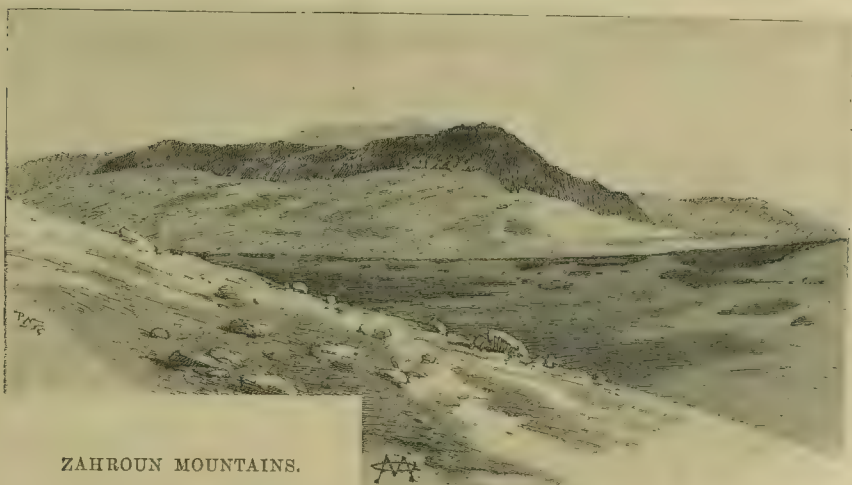
CASCADE OF THE MEHADOUNA.



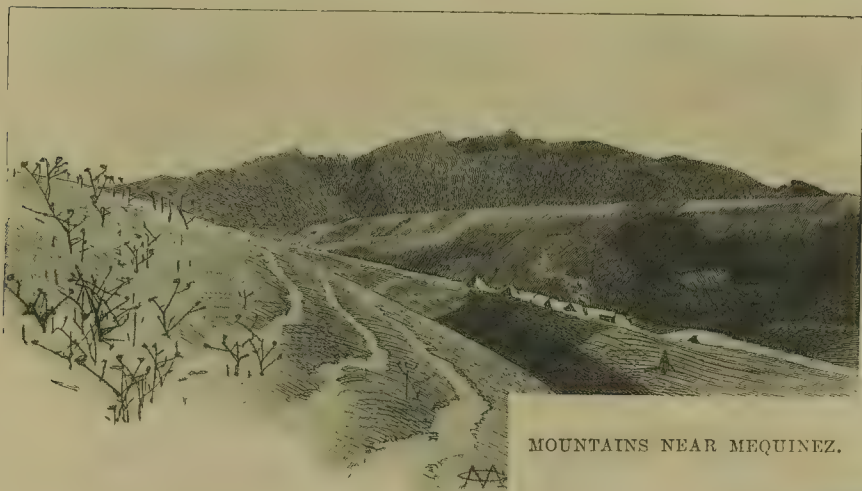
A BERBER.



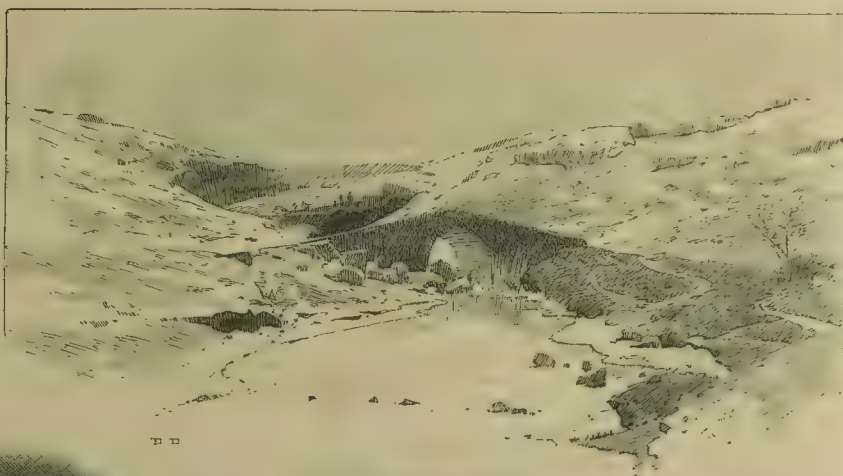
BERBER WOMAN IN FULL DRESS.



ZAHROUN MOUNTAINS.



MOUNTAINS NEAR MEQUINEZ.



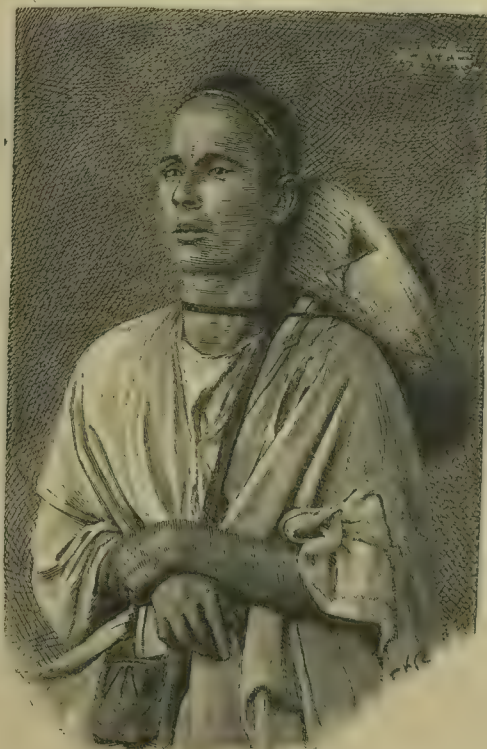
THE OUED MEHADOUNA.



A SANTON.



AN OLD JEW.



A COUNTRY LABOURER.

THE INDIAN DURBAR HALL AT OSBORNE.

Her Majesty the Queen, as Empress of India, takes great interest, especially of late years, in studying the affairs of her vast Asiatic dominion, the condition of its different populations, their habits and manners, and the rank of its native princes, some of whom have been her visitors in England, and with whom she has learnt to converse, sufficiently for ceremonial intercourse, in the current Hindostani language. The portrait of her native Indian private secretary, who is a Mohammedan, recently appeared in this Journal. Another instance of her Majesty's disposition to show all possible friendly regard to those who come from India as representatives of her loyal subjects and faithful allies is equally deserving of public notice. This is the construction, in the new wing of Osborne House, East Cowes, the Queen's favourite residence in the Isle of Wight, of a beautiful apartment, decorated according to ancient Hindu and Sikh patterns of ornament, to be used as a "Durbar" or hall of State and Court receptions, upon occasions particularly concerning Asiatic guests of her Majesty. The work, at the Queen's private expense, was performed during the years 1891 and 1892, under the personal superintendence of the designer, Ram Singh, a native of the Punjab, formerly a pupil of Mr. Kipling, C.I.E.—father of the popular novelist, Rudyard Kipling—in the Mayo School of Art at Lahore. It was the Duke of Connaught, when his Royal Highness was in India, who appreciated the merits of Ram Singh, and recommended him to the Queen for this employment, before which that ingenious and tasteful native artist—



Photo by Messrs. Hughes and Mullins, Ryde
RAM SINGH, THE DESIGNER OF THE INDIAN DURBAR HALL.

a master of architectural decoration, wood-carving, and cabinet-work—had achieved high success with his designs for the Chiefs' College at Lahore, the Lahore Jubilee Museum, and the Municipal Halls of Ferozepur and Allahabad, winning the prizes and the preference in open competitions. He also designed caskets, of ebony and silver, for presentation to the Queen and to the Duke of Connaught, and furnished the decorations of the billiard-room and corridor in the mansion of his Royal Highness at Bagshot Park. We therefore willingly, in the belief that much is to be learned from India, as, indeed, has been already confessed, in these branches of ornamental art, give the portrait of Ram Singh, together with a view of the interior of the Durbar Hall at Osborne.

The city of Amritsar, where Ram Singh got his early training as a workman, is a great centre of trade, as well as the original headquarters of the Sikh national and religious community in the Punjab. Many of its houses are ornamented internally with the finest wood-carving, an art which has there been practised by Indian workmen almost to an equal degree of manual skill with those of China and Japan, and with far better notions of richness and magnificence of effect, gracefulness of design, and the artistic treatment of surface reliefs. The ancient Hindu temples were probably unequalled in the beauty of the elaborate sandal-wood carvings on their ceilings and doors, of which the existing gates of the Somnauth temple are only a copy; these were carried off to Ghuzni, in 1024, by the Moslem conqueror, Sultan Mahmoud, and were recovered and brought to Agra by Lord Ellenborough, in 1842, after the first Afghan war.



THE QUEEN'S INDIAN DURBAR HALL AT OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Photo by Messrs. Hughes and Mullins, Ryde

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

I will not say the reviews are dull this month, but they are unquestionably solid. There is a tremendous onslaught of professors on things in general and on one another. In the *Nineteenth Century* Professor St. George Mivart discourses on Professor Huxley, Professor Max Muller on Mr. Sinnett and Esoteric Buddhism, and Professor Mahaffy on modern educational methods, of which he has no very high opinion. Professor Buchner on the brains of women in the *New Review* (and very good brains he says they are), Professor James Long in the *Fortnightly* on the British farmer (who must have an English land court and fair rents), and Professor Charles Pearson, in the same number, on his critics, who, to his sorrow, have charged him with callous cynicism, complete this formidable array. Professor Mahaffy complains, like Mr. Acland, that our system of teaching is too mechanical. This idea is borne out by the testimony of a school inspector in *Macmillan*, from whose notebook I take some striking examples of the knowledge acquired by girls of twenty in the course of their duties as pupil-teachers. One of them informed the examiners that Sir Walter Raleigh was "very affectionate, especially towards Queen Elizabeth." Another gave this agreeable version of the famous anecdote about General Wolfe and Gray's "Elegy": "Wolfe was once in Canada. While there he observed an elegy in a churchyard." Shakspeare was described as the author of "To Be or Not To Be," "The Moor of Athens," and "Dombey and Son." Requested to give an account of the "internal dissensions" among the Royalists and Parliamentarians in the Civil War, a candidate pointed out that after the loss of their baggage they were "pierced with cold and hunger." Another genius, mixing up Wicliff with Wilkes, remarked that the great Lollard "was three times re-elected for Middlesex, but as often the Commons refused to receive him on account of some wrong he had done in the House of Commons."

Professional gravity in the *Fortnightly* is relieved by a lively polemic between Mr. William Archer and Mr. George Moore. The method of these disputants has a refreshing novelty. Mr. Archer is about to write his article when he receives a private letter from Mr. Moore, making a slashing attack on "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Mr. Archer proposes to print passages from this epistle with comments, and Mr. Moore cheerfully assents, amplifying and accentuating the most desirable extracts. With these before him, Mr. Archer, regardless of the feelings of certain politicians, describes Mr. Moore as the Devil's Advocate, and proceeds to make a vigorous defence of Mr. Pinero's play. I am struck by the superiority of this style of controversy to that which is commonly in use. Mr. Moore might have written an article of his own, and then, a month afterwards, Mr. Archer might have pounded away when the subject had lost its freshness. But with a disinterestedness which cannot be sufficiently admired, Mr. Moore is content to write a letter to Mr. Archer, and so you get the views of both in the shape of a genuine debate. I wish Mr. George Barlow had adopted this plan instead of filling several pages of the *Contemporary* with rhapsodies about the Comédie Française, and oburgations on the taste of English audiences. Mr. Barlow's first idea of the British playgoer was that he or she always talked during a performance, to Mr. Barlow's great annoyance. Now he informs us that the playgoer always laughs at pathos, and cares for nothing but fooling, or a melodrama with half a dozen murders.

People who detest Ibsen ought to be grateful to Mrs. Alec Tweedie for an excellent account in *Temple Bar* of the domestic interior in which the Norwegian dramatist evolves his obnoxious plays. On his writing table are a number of creatures in copper—cats and rabbits, and probably pigs—without which, Ibsen declares, he could never write. They are his familiars, and I need scarcely say that they explain most of his aberrations. With his eye on a copper cat, Ibsen naturally drew his brazen Hedda—"hell-cat," I believe, is the orthodox phrase to apply to that lady—and his minx in the "Master Builder." Mrs. Tweedie says he "evades questions as to his meanings." You can figure the process.

Mrs. T. As for Hedda Gabler, Dr. Ibsen, do you really mean what you say—that she represents the type of the emancipated woman of the future?

Dr. I. Did I say so? Ah! (smiles slowly and caresses copper cat between his finger and thumb.)

Mrs. T. (persuasively.) You certainly led me to infer that such was your opinion.

Dr. I. Fancy that! (takes hair-brush reflectively, and strokes his glistening curls upwards.)

Mrs. T. (with enthusiasm.) Oh, that must be the way you get your great ideas! Now tell me, truly—is "The Master Builder" all allegory or only partly? Does Hilda Wangel send Mr. Solness up the tower to get rid of him, or does she regard him as a symbolic acrobat? If Mrs. Solness cared more for her nine dolls than her dead twins, is Norah Helmer fonder of macaroons than of her own children?

Dr. I. (thoughtfully rubbing head of copper rabbit down the side of his nose.) Excuse me, but it is time to get to the café.

Mrs. T. Of course. What splendid inspirations must come to you as you sit in the café reflecting on human nature! But why do you make it so depraved?

Dr. I. (gravely endeavouring to curl the tail of copper pig.) Do I? Dear me!

Mrs. T. (in ecstasy.) Oh, I see! Another symbol. You can't improve mankind any more than you can curl the pig's tail. What a shocking idea! But do let me take the pig home.

Dr. I. (with emphasis.) It is time to go to the café. (Goes.)

Of the fiction in the magazines there is an interesting development in *Cornhill*. In the serial story called "With Edged Tools," one of the characters announces that he has discovered Simiacine, the plant from which the gorillas derive their strength. It grows among the habitations of cannibals in Central Africa, but if it can be brought to England what a market it will command! In the interests of public order I fancy the Government will have to limit its consumption to the police and the Serjeant-at-Arms.

L. F. A.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

ALPHA, W. R. RAILLE, L. DESANGES, and others.—If 1. Q. to R 5th, Kt. to K 4th; 2. Q. takes P (ch), Kt. to Q 6th (ch), &c. If 2. Q. takes Kt, P. to R 3rd, and no mate follows.

J. M. ROBERT.—Amended problem to hand.

E. HOULT (Victoria B.C.).—There is no mistake in diagram or solution. If Black play 1. B. to K 4th or K 6th, 2. Kt. or B. mates.

V. S. DATTE (Baroda).—You have seen the published solution by this time, which will explain your error. Shall be glad to hear from you regularly.

F. DALBY.—Winning the exchange is a technical phrase, and signifies the gain of a Rook for a Bishop or Knight.

D. E. H. NOYES.—If Black play 1. K. to B 3rd, then 2. It takes B. or B. to Q 4th. Mate.

F. T. MILLER.—Many thanks for your letter. We shall be glad to hear further from you on local chess topics.

PERCY HEALEY.—Correction to hand. Good as usual.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2567 received from E. Hoult (Victoria B.C.); of No. 2569 from J. W. Shaw (Montreal), Medicus (Philadelphia), and Jno. M. Nelson (Tuka); of No. 2570 from James Clark (Chester); of No. 2571 from A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), E. G. Boys and G. Luce Dupré (Jersey); of No. 2572 from Cissie Congreve (Brighton), E. G. Boys, John Meale (Mattishall), Edwin Barnish (Rochdale), C. E. Perugini, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), A. W. Hamilton-Gell, A. J. Habgood (Haslar), J. C. Ireland, W. Miller (Cork), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), G. Luce Dupré, F. Hortell (Valella), A. H. B. R. Worters (Canterbury) and Walter W. Hooper.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2573 received from H. Brandreth, T. Roberts, W. Wright, E. E. H. J. Cond, Shadforth, Sorrento (Dawlish), F. O. Simpson (Liverpool), R. Worters, J. D. Tucker, R. H. Brooks, W. R. Raille, Joseph Willcock (Chester), J. Dixon, G. Joicey, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), C. E. Perugini, Julia Short (Exeter), E. Loudon, and A. F. Foxwell.

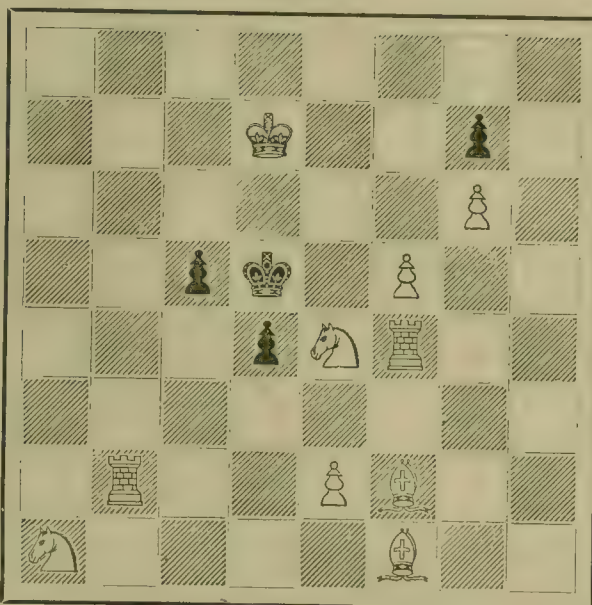
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2572.—By PERCY HEALEY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt. to K 2nd Any move
2. Mates accordingly

PROBLEM No. 2575.

By W. PERCY HIND.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

First game in the match between the Liverpool and Ipswich Clubs
(Evans' Gambit.)

WHITE (Liverpool) BLACK (Ipswich)
1. P. to K 4th P. to K 4th
2. Kt. to K B 3rd Kt. to Q B 3rd
3. B. to B 4th B. to B 4th
4. P. to Q Kt 4th B. takes P
5. Castles P. to Q 3rd
6. P. to Q B 3rd B. to B 4th
7. P. to Q 4th P. takes P
8. P. takes P B. to Kt 3rd
9. P. to Q 5th

The Liverpool Committee designate this as the most enduring attack.
10. B. to Kt 2nd Kt. to R 4th
11. B. to Q 3rd Kt. to K 2nd

The capture of the Kt P. is clearly unsafe, and the exchange of this Bishop would now assist Black materially.
12. Castles Kt. to Kt 3rd
13. Kt. to K 2nd B. to Kt 5th

This move, which led to the opening of the file, was believed to be the cause of much trouble later on to Black. B. to Q 2nd is recommended generally instead.
14. K. to R sq. P. to K B 4th

And here P. to B 3rd and a more defensive game was better; but the attack looked promising.
15. Kt. to Kt 3rd P. to B 5th
16. Kt. to B 5th Kt. to K 4th
17. R. to Q B sq. Q. to K sq.
18. B. to K 2nd B. takes Kt. (at B 5th)

Liverpool expected Q. to R 4th here, and intended to sacrifice the Kt. in that case. Supposing Q. to R 4th, 19. Kt. takes Kt P. takes Kt; 20. Kt. takes Kt. B. takes B.

WHITE (Liverpool) BLACK (Ipswich)
21. Kt. to K 4th (dis. ch) with a winning game.
19. P. takes B Kt. takes Kt

There is something deceptive in appearances, and it is pretty clear that by these exchanges White gets an opening for attack which cannot well be defended.
20. P. takes Kt R. takes P
21. R. to K Kt sq. R. to B 2nd
22. Q. to K B sq. Q. to Q 2nd
23. B. to Q 3rd Q. R. to K sq.
24. R. to K Kt 4th P. to R 4th
25. R. to Kt 5th P. to Q B 3rd
26. B. to Kt 6th R. (Ksq) to K 2nd
27. B. takes R (ch) R. takes B
28. Q. to Kt 2nd B. to Q sq.
29. R. to Kt 6th K. to B sq.
30. B. takes P (ch)

A brilliant and sound combination which was clearly well considered, and carefully worked out. R. to K 6th (ch), followed by Q. to Kt 6th, wins easily for White.
31. R. to K Kt sq. R. takes B
32. Q. takes R Q. to B 2nd
33. Q. takes Q P (ch) K. to K sq.

Neither B. nor Q. can interpose. If the former Q. to Kt 8th (ch) wins the Q. by R. to Kt 8th; if the latter Q. to R 6th (ch) wins the Kt. in two or three moves.
34. R. to K sq. ch Resigns

The B. must interpose, and then follows Q. to B 7th, a most elegant move, followed by P. to Q 6th. The game is one that students will delight in. The finish is remarkably good.

In accordance with the announcement already made, the Counties' Chess Association held its annual meeting at Woodhall Spa, upon the choice of which the organisers of the meeting are to be congratulated. The entries, although not so numerous as might be expected, were of good quality, the leading amateurs of the kingdom being well represented. Some ladies also were among the entrants, and, in addition to a class among themselves, threw down the gauntlet to the sterner sex in one of the other divisions. The play generally was of the cautious character seemingly inseparable from tournaments, but was relieved now and again by a few brilliancies that greatly delighted the spectators. The latest indications at the moment of going to press pointed to the victory of Mr. J. H. Blake or Mr. E. O. Jones, both of whom exhibited skill of the highest order.

A friendly match between Messrs. Loman and Teichman, now being played at the Divan, has so far gone in favour of the latter.

We have received from the British Chess Company, Stroud, a useful little book called "Six Chess Lessons," by S. Tinsley. The games are by well-known experts, and the explanatory notes are both well-written and instructive. Students in the game will find this little brochure worth their attention.

The South Kensington Museum has acquired, by the aid of some liberal subscribers to a purchase fund, one of the finest Persian carpets in existence, formerly in the mosque at Ardebil. It is 34 ft. 6 in. long, and 17 ft. 6 in. wide, and was manufactured in 1535 by Maksud, of Kashan; its texture is wonderfully close and fine, with 380 hand-tied knots to the square inch. The colours are most beautiful; the design is a large central medallion, pale yellow, surrounded by cartouches, of various colours, on a dark-blue ground, with medallions in the corners, and with a floral border.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Now is the season when all the big children are released from the schoolroom, and when they, in company with the little ones of the nursery, are carried off to enjoy the refreshment and gain the invigoration of the seaside. There are some constitutions of all ages that the sea does not suit. To be within twenty miles of it makes them "livery," and they are sick and peevish so long as they remain. But for those who are not so unfortunately constituted, there is nothing like the sea for benefiting the health. The oxygen in the air that we respire, and that is the main element in the utilisation of all food, and in the revivification and cleansing of the blood of the entire system in the lungs, is found near the sea in a special state called ozone, in which condition it acts with greater power than the purest ordinary air in stimulating the bodily functions and arousing them to those changes that repair the system. High mountain air has the same effect, but even when hills are readily attainable they lack the ceaseless amusement that the seaside affords to children. Undoubtedly, the seaside is the place to give the youngsters a change at, for choice.

But what a pity it is that the good of it is so often done away with by bad management while there! It is a great mistake to allow children to paddle in the sea for long periods of time, the sun burning on their heads while their feet are chilled; a determination of blood to the internal organs is extremely likely to result. Indeed, delicate children should not be exposed to the fullest heat of the day, even without the extra risks of wet feet. The seaside is generally lacking in shade, and when there is the shelter of a friendly cliff, children will not keep under it. A good rest indoors after the midday meal is advisable on sunny days. The manner in which the Empress of Austria used to partition out her day when she was staying at Cromer, at the same time as my family, a few years ago, had much to recommend it. The imperial lady was known as "Mrs. Nicholson," that being the name of a favourite maid of hers, and an alias often adopted by the Empress, who hates her royal state, and hides herself from ceremony as far as she may. "Mrs. Nicholson" used to rise as early as five in the bright summer morning, and before many of the sluggards were out of their beds she would be rowed out to sea, and there plunge from the boat and swim, sometimes for half an hour. Returning to shore, she would find her horse in waiting, and set off for one of those rapid rides in which she delights; and as the good ladies of the floating population of the summer were finishing their marketing in the village street, at half-past ten or eleven, the Empress would return to her rooms to lunch and to rest after her five or six hours of exercise. There she would remain till about five in the afternoon, when she would either ride again, sometimes absolutely unaccompanied, or would go out for a long walk. When walking, the cool of the day having arrived, her Majesty used not to wear a hat or bonnet; sometimes she carried a red umbrella, and at other times a big Japanese fan sufficed for such occasional shelter as she desired. Only an Empress can do as she likes quite so emphatically as this; but her wisdom in avoiding the strongest rays of the sun, and compensating for missing those hot hours of midday by early rising, might be advantageously copied by ladies of smaller degree.

Another point in which the treatment of children at the sea often errs is in the matter of bathing. It is mischievous to stop in the water too long; for most people, five minutes are better than ten, and ten may do good where twenty will do harm. The test is the power of reaction. Anybody who feels chilled on coming out, or who, after a glow at first, gets a fresh sensation of chill after being out half-an-hour, has stopped in too long for the power of the nerves and heart. For such, a mere plunge and a breathing space in the water of some twenty to thirty respirations, is more beneficial than a long bath; and though there are few adults in the prime of life and in fair health so sensitive to the shock of a cold bath as to need to be as quick as this over it, there are many children so—not those who are supposed to be "delicate" ones only, for all children are more sensitive on such points than full-grown persons, and are more easily over-exhausted and injured than adolescents. But above all to be avoided is the cruel forcing of timid and nervous children into and under the water, in the manner that is so often done. This is the way to make them permanently timid of the water, even if it does not—as it does more often than is suspected—do them some serious immediate injury, such as causing St. Vitus dance, palpitation, or deafness. Every child should learn to swim. Where a swimming-bath is available, the art can be more readily acquired there than in the open sea. The bath is less terrifying than the wide and wave-tossed ocean; and to conquer fear is more than the preliminary to learning to swim, it is almost the learning itself. To tell a child not to be afraid is like the photographer's command to put on a pleasant smile—the order defeats its own object. But to let it do just as much as it likes and no more, to encourage and persuade it to try to support itself on the water, holding it up lightly, but with the most absolute assurance in its mind that you will not let go for one moment without the learner's own request, allows it to gain confidence by degrees; and an ordinary child will soon be anxious as well as able to show that it can keep up alone. But to fling a shrieking and terrified little mite into the water, or to seize it and force it under water, is to give it all the sensations of the bitterness of death, and can be nothing but harmful to its health and a hindrance to its learning swimming.

A new and original method of injuring little children is the so-called "mail-cart," which is being a good deal used at watering-places this summer as a substitute for the perambulator. There is nothing to be said against that little vehicle for the elder children, for whom it was originally used. But to put tiny babies into it, when it compels them to sit bolt upright, with their feet dangling and an utterly insufficient support for the back, is to risk doing permanent injury to the little spines. The perambulator itself is not altogether a safe means of conveyance for infants, but they can be supported in it in tolerable comfort. The stiff, narrow little mail-cart is utterly unsuitable, for it cannot be made supporting enough by any means.



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THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Report stage of the Home Rule Bill has found the House in a less militant mood than distinguished the long struggle through Committee. Something of this more amiable temper is due to the authority of the Speaker, to the lightest touch of whose hand the House responds like a thoroughbred. This was agreeably illustrated by one or two incidents in the discussion of a proposal to appoint a Boundary Commission in Ireland. The Opposition complained that the Schedule under which eighty Irish members are to be returned to the Imperial Parliament was unfair to the Protestant minority. Now, to talk about a Boundary Commission without arguing in detail against the Schedule was no easy task, even for the most dexterous Parliamentarian. Eminent persons were gently pulled up by the Speaker when they betrayed a desire to trench upon matter which was not in order. Mr. Chamberlain was checked in full career; so was Mr. Courtney. Mr. Healy, with an air of candid simplicity, was proposing to show by an elaborate sum in addition that the Unionists would have a sufficient representation under the Schedule, when the Speaker intervened. "Sixteen and one are seventeen," said Mr. Healy, with the air of a model scholar. "Order!" said the Speaker. "Never mind, Sir," said Mr. Healy, "I have got as far as seventeen." "The honourable member does not propose to go any further?" said the Speaker, with the faintest suggestion of irony. "No, Sir," responded Mr. Healy, with the utmost cheerfulness. It was a pretty interlude—an interchange of amenities between the Parliamentary Dr. Birch and one of his young friends. Such a passage pleases me almost as much as the inevitable arrival on Friday evenings, when the House has adjourned for a couple of hours, of Sir Richard Temple, accompanied by a party of ladies, to whom he explains the beauties and mysteries of the deserted Chamber.

The debate on the Boundary Commission was signalled by a speech from Mr. Little, the Liberal member for Whitehaven, who said that he yearned for a complete system of minority representation in Ireland, but could not get it, or any inkling of it, either from the Government or the Opposition. Mr. Little is a mild-looking man with an unobtrusive voice, but he made it quite clear that unless the Government could discover some means of securing the representation of the Protestant minority outside of Ulster, and the Catholic minority in Ulster, they would be in considerable danger of losing his support on the third reading. Had this speech been made in Committee, it would have caused no small commotion, but the Report stage is the refuge of the somewhat battered decorum of the House of Commons, and so Mr. Little's ultimatum was received in silence. By a bewildering despatch of business the House managed to dispose of three pages and a half of new clauses in about ninety minutes, and arrived tranquilly at the proposal, transferred from Mr. Balfour to Mr. Macartney, to exclude the Irish members from the Imperial Parliament. Mr. Macartney had dexterously arranged his case so as

to make it an indictment of the Prime Minister. He reminded Mr. Gladstone of the pledge to prevent the Irish members from interfering with British business. He reviewed in scathing terms the varied fortunes of the Ninth Clause, quoted speeches of members of the Government against retention for all purposes, declared that the abandonment of the "in-and-out" proposal had been made in the teeth of Ministerial obligations and Liberal convictions. Mr. Gladstone listened to this impeachment without emotion, and answered it with equanimity. He was certainly in a tight place with regard to the pledge cited by Mr. Macartney, but he justified himself on the ground that as he had yielded to the judgment of the Liberal party on the principle of retention, so he had yielded to that judgment on the method of retention. Here Mr. Macartney interposed with the reminder that he had quoted Liberal speeches—speeches of Mr. Gladstone's own colleagues, against the very method now adopted. To this neat thrust Mr. Gladstone retorted with the one dramatic gesture which he permitted himself. Looking at his right hand, he exclaimed: "The gentlemen behind me who hold that view may be counted on your fingers." As this ready reckoning was received with murmurs of incredulity from the Opposition benches, Mr. Gladstone, with the slightest inflection of sarcasm, submitted "that he was in a better position than the party opposite to know the minds of his followers." To this speech Sir Edward Clarke made so effective a reply that I wondered, not for the first time, at the infrequency of his appearance in debate. He is one of the few men in the House who can make a vigorous assault without the least suspicion of personal feeling.

If any obscurity as to the history of the Ninth Clause still remains, it is a brilliant illumination compared with the discussion of the Indian currency. Mr. Chaplin indicted the Government for "a flagrant act of public plunder," and Mr. Balfour followed this up with a charge of "financial crime." The cause of this indignation was the new restriction in India on the coinage of silver. Mr. Chaplin believes that many natives have concealed hoards of that metal uncoined, and that if the Mints are closed against them they will practically be robbed of their property. Mr. Courtney combated this theory, and suggested that as the bulk of the hoarded silver must be rupees, the owners would profit by the policy of the Indian Government, which is to raise the value of the rupee. This divergence of opinion was almost the only information which a puzzled House was able to grasp. The rest was a chaos of bimetalism, less unprofitable, however, than Mr. Storey's attempt to pull down the House of Lords. The member for Sunderland thinks that any measure which has passed the Commons thrice and has twice been rejected by the Lords ought to become law without further ado. This method of overriding a Second Chamber became so hopeless that while Mr. Darling was in the act of submitting it to a searching analysis, the Commons counted themselves out. Mr. Storey, with much pathos, spoke of his age as "the sere, the yellow leaf." I don't think his scheme for settling the Lords will survive its troubled infancy.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The theological "session" for clergymen at Oxford has been concluded, and the experiment is pronounced a decided success. Nearly two hundred clergymen have attended, and although the number is much smaller than that which gathered at Mansfield College, it is a good beginning. A large number attended the daily celebrations at Keble Chapel, and the tone throughout was serious and earnest. A conference was held on "The Church in Relation to Social Subjects," and at this dogmatism was discouraged by the principal speakers. Much attention was devoted to the Higher Criticism; indeed, it is complained that theology proper was not sufficiently handled.

Preparations are being quietly but steadily pushed for the second meeting of the theological school of Non-conformist ministers, which is to be held at Mansfield College, Oxford, next year. It is possible that one or two foreign scholars may be induced to lecture.

By many Churchmen Mr. Acland was suspected of pretending to an extraordinary zeal for first-rate school buildings, in order that he might thereby destroy as many of the voluntary schools as possible. The leading Church paper says that the demands in Mr. Acland's circular were fairly justified, and that he has honestly striven to promote the true interest of education. But it thinks that he might be a little more considerate of individual cases. The *Guardian* continues to press its education policy, apparently in the hope that it may be ripe for the advent of a Conservative Government.

Mr. Acland's connection with the Church of England is not forgotten. He was keenly interested in theology, and was one of those who sat at Canon Mozley's feet in that famous class so many of whose members have risen to eminence. Much of the revived theological interest in England may be traced to Mozley.

Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, the minister of St. Andrews, has been on one of his yearly visits to the Bishop of Winchester, and contributes an interesting record thereof to *Life and Work*, a magazine published in connection with the Church of Scotland.

Archdeacon Sinclair's sermons in St. Paul's are attracting some attention. It is reported that on a recent Sunday he apostrophised the higher critics in this fashion: "O friends, we shall say, O, Reuss, Kuenen, and Wellhausen, you have been exceedingly ingenious! You have spun out marvellous theories! To have supposed that Deuteronomy was composed in the reign of Josiah and imposed on a credulous people was indeed a stroke of imaginative genius, but it jars upon the very fibre of the whole religion of Israel! We must ask you to invent some more probable opinion." As Reuss and Kuenen are dead, it is not likely that they will respond to this appeal.

The Bishop of Brisbane is coming over to this country in the hope of raising £50,000 for a Clergy Stipend Endowment Fund to augment the slender incomes of the clergy. The commercial depression has affected the financial position of the Church.

V.

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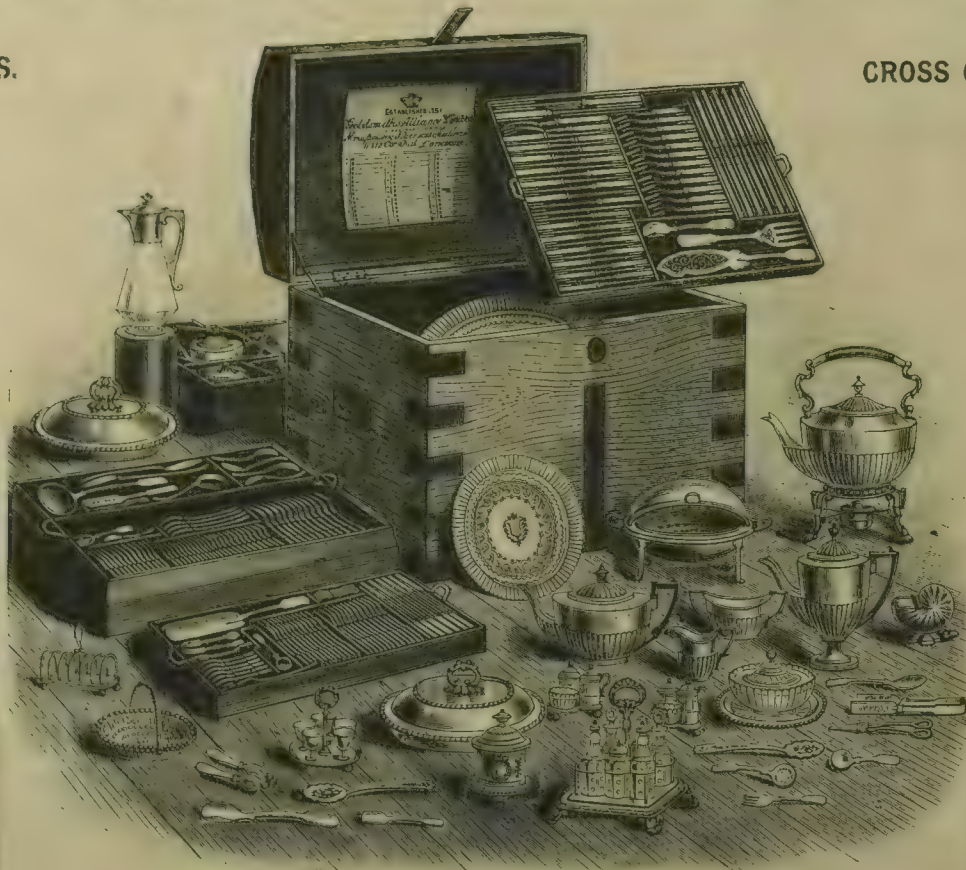
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11 7	by 7 11	5 6 9	14 5	by 10 7	8 18 0
11 1	by 9 5	6 10 0	14 5	by 10 10	9 15 0

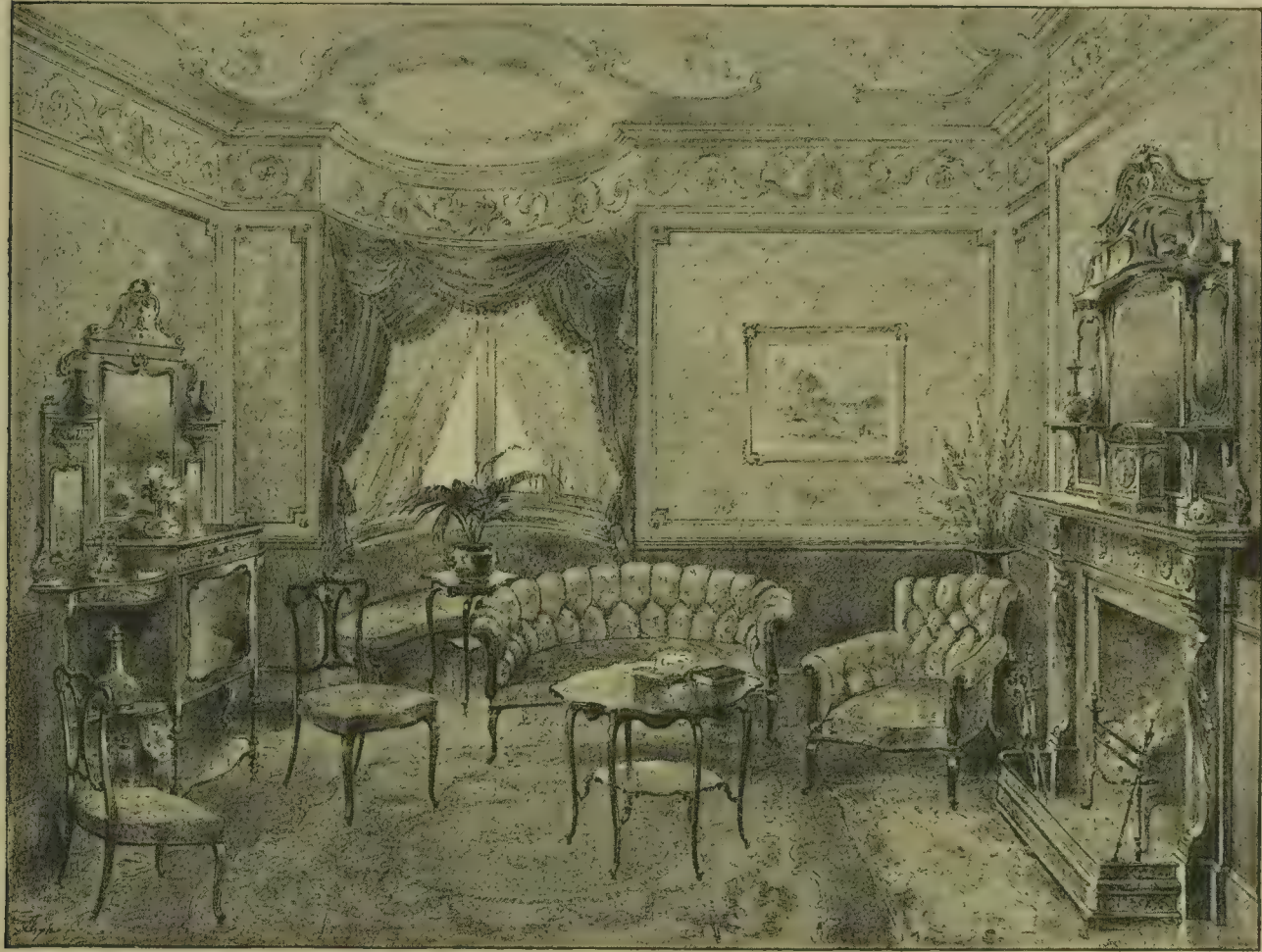
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12 0	by 9 0	4 2 6	12 0	by 11 0	5 2 0
13 6	by 9 0	4 12 6	13 0	by 11 0	5 10 0
11 0	by 10 0	4 5 0	14 0	by 11 0	5 18 0
12 0	by 10 0	4 12 6	15 0	by 11 0	6 7 6

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 6, 1890) of Mr. John Fielden, J.P., D.L., late of Dobroyd Castle, near Todmorden, Lancashire, and Grimston Park, Yorkshire, who died on July 4, was proved on July 31 by Thomas Fielden and Edward Brocklehurst Fielden, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £482,000. The testator devises Dobroyd Castle and his farms and lands in the hundreds of Todmorden, Walsden, Langfield, and Erringden, most of the tenants of which have been in the habit of dining at the Castle at the half-yearly rent audit, which custom he wishes his wife to keep up, to his wife, for life, and then as to parts thereof, including Dobroyd Castle, to his nephew Edward Brocklehurst Fielden; Lambutt's Mills, the Grimston Park estate, and other real estate, to his nephew Thomas Fielden; and some freehold properties to each of his nephews Joshua Fielden and Harold Fielden. He bequeaths his jewellery and all his furniture and effects, horses and carriages at Dobroyd, pecuniary legacies amounting together to £76,000 and £4000 per annum, for life, to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Fielden; £25,000 to his nephew Thomas Fielden; £20,000 each to his nephews Edward Brocklehurst Fielden, Joshua Fielden, and Harold Fielden; £10,000 each to the seven daughters of his late brother Joshua; £20,000 to his nieces the two daughters of his sister Mrs. Booth; £20,000 to his sister Mrs. Cobbett; £18,000 each to his nephew Ernest Arthur Brocklehurst and his niece the Hon. Mrs. Constance Fitzwilliam; £5000 to his nephew Major John Ashton Fielden; and considerable legacies to other of his relatives, and also to clerks in the employ of Fielden Brothers, indoor and outdoor servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate, including his property in South America, he leaves to his eleven nephews and nieces, the children of his late brother Joshua, in the proportion of seven twelfths to his four nephews, and five twelfths to his seven nieces.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1888), with two codicils (dated Nov. 2, 1888, and Dec. 16, 1890), of Mr. Edgar Atheling Drummond, J.P., F.R.G.S., late of Cadland, in the county of Southampton, and of 49, Charing Cross, banker, who died on May 10 at Venice, was proved on July 29 by Cecil George Assheton Drummond, the brother, Charles Drummond, and Andrew Cecil Drummond, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £200,000. The testator devises his mansion house at Cadland and all other his real estate, subject to a few annuities charged thereon, to the use of his eldest son for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively according to seniority in tail male. Provision is made for each of his younger children, both out of the trust funds of his marriage settlement and out of his general personal estate, and there are some special legacies to them and others. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his eldest son, Andrew Cecil Drummond.

The will (dated July 4, 1892), of Mr. Frederick Mellersh, late of Godalming, who died on June 16, was proved on July 26 by Mrs. Fanny Mellersh, the widow,

Thomas Brian Mellersh and Wilfred Duke Mellersh, the sons, and Alfred William Mellersh, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £169,000. The testator bequeaths his house-keeping and consumable stores and £500 to his wife; and makes ample provision for each of his children, including the gift of his share and interest in Hambledon Manor and estate to his son Thomas Brian; and there are some other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life; then as to £5000 thereof upon trust for his son Frederick James, and as to the ultimate residue for his other children in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1883), with two codicils (dated April 14, 1890, and May 10, 1893) of Mr. Horatio Rymer, late of 22, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, who died on June 5, was proved on July 28 by the Rev. Frederick Rymer, D.D., the brother, Field Stanfield, and William Henry Gunning Bagshawe, Q.C., the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £166,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Westminster General Dispensary, Gerrard Street, Soho; £26,000 to Roman Catholic charities in sums of from £5000 to £500; £10,000 to his brother the Rev. F. Rymer, and £10,000 upon trust for him for life; £8000 to his nephew Alfred Pole Rymer; £2000 to his sister-in-law Mrs. Mary Rymer, the widow of his late brother Edward, and £20,000 upon trust for her for life, and then for her children; £20,000 upon trust for his sister, Mrs. Mary Ann Stanfield, her husband, and children; £2000 upon trust for his nephew Charles Joseph Rymer; £4000 upon trust for Clare and Charles, the children of his said nephew; £4000 upon trust for his sister-in-law, Mrs. Agnes Elizabeth Rymer and then for the said children of his nephew Charles Joseph; and further large legacies to nephews, nieces, and other relatives, and others. The residue of his property he leaves upon trust for his brothers and sisters and their children in such shares and proportions as his trustees shall think fit.

The will (dated July 20, 1887) of Mr. William Johnson, late of 5, Baron Grove, Mitcham, who died on June 21, was proved on July 31 by William Moore Johnson, the son, and Miss Jane Ellen Johnson, the daughter, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £148,000. The testator gives his freehold residence, 5, Baron Grove, with all the furniture and effects, and £5000 to his said daughter; his leasehold premises, 54, Threadneedle Street, and his share and interest in the goodwill, fixtures and effects, stock-in-trade and book and other debts to his said son; £200 to the Watchmakers' Asylum, Colney Hatch; £50 each to Dr. Barnardo's Homes and the Croydon Hospital, and a few other legacies. Two fourths of the residue of his property he leaves to his son, the said William Moore Johnson; one fourth to his daughter, the said Jane Ellen Johnson, and the remaining one fourth upon trust for her.

The will (dated May 20, 1887) of Mr. Charles Branch, late of 67, Chester Square, who died on June 25, was proved on July 19 by Charles Churchill Branch, the son,

and Henry Churchill Maxwell Lyte, C.B., the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £74,000. The testator makes bequests to his sisters, brother, and other relatives, his executor Mr. Lyte, and others. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his son, Charles Churchill Branch.

The will (dated Sept. 3, 1891) of Mr. Edward Bloxam, formerly Chief Clerk in the Court of Chancery, late of 1, Grosvenor Hill, Wimbledon, who died on June 28 at Lower Weston, Bath, was proved on July 27 by Mrs. Anne Jane Bloxam, the widow, Thomas Wilgress Mills, and Francis Richard Turner Bloxam, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator bequeaths twenty-three shares in the Civil Service Supply Association, £400, and all his household furniture and effects to his wife; £10 to each of his godchildren; and £20 to a servant. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death he gives £2000 each to his daughters Lucy Anne, Margaret Sophia, Mary Ann, and Ellen Sarah; £1000 each to his sons George Edward, William Richard, and John Francis; and the ultimate residue to all his children, the share of each of his daughters to be double the share of each of his sons.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1885), with six codicils, of Mrs. Louisa Frances Katherine Bishop, late of Brandean, near Alresford, Hants, was proved on July 26 by Miss Helena Honora Perceval and Charles Egerton Legge, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000, upon trust, to pay to the Rector of Brandean £1 for every Sunday, Good Friday, and Christmas Day that service according to the rites of the Established Church is performed in the temporary iron church erected by her late husband at Brandean, and to apply the surplus of the income in keeping clean the said iron church and ringing the bells. If service is not performed for fifty-two consecutive Sundays there is a gift over of the £2000 for certain charitable purposes. She also bequeaths £170 Consols, the dividend to be divided among the mothers of the children who, in the opinion of the Rector of Brandean, have been most regular in attending the Sunday school; various pictures and other articles are made heirlooms to go with the mansion house at Brandean; and there are legacies to relatives, executors, and domestic and outdoor servants. The residue of her estate and effects she gives to her nephew Charles Egerton Legge, and her nieces Helena Honora Perceval and Caroline Adelaide Landon.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1888), with two codicils (dated April 8 and 14, 1893), of Henri Louis César, Vicomte de la Panouse, formerly of 29, Rue de Faubourg Saint Honoré, Paris, and late of 33, Rue Saint Dominique, Saint Germain, France, who died on April 27, was proved in London on July 29 by Artus Charles César, Vicomte de la Panouse, the brother, the value of the personal estate in this country amounting to over £14,000. The testator bequeaths an annuity of 20,000 f. to the Countess de Missiessy; an

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Portsmouth arr.	9.25	1.0	2.15	3.30	4.25	5.10	6.40	7.0	7.40	10.25	
Cowes ..	11.23	3.17	4.27	5.35	6.37	7.53	7.53	9.7	
Ryde ..	10.15	2.30	3.40	4.45	5.10	6.25	7.30	7.40	8.30	..	
Southdown ..	10.45	2.35	3.45	4.45	5.45	6.50	8.10	8.19	9.24	..	
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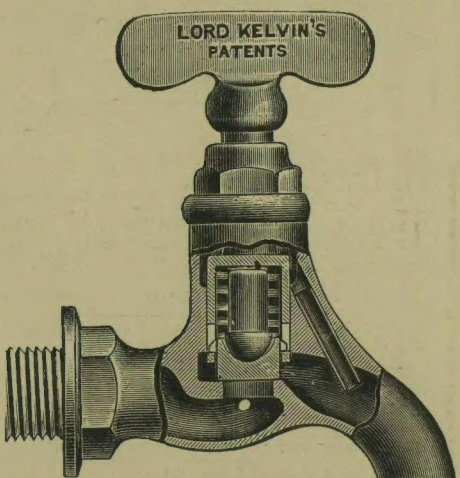
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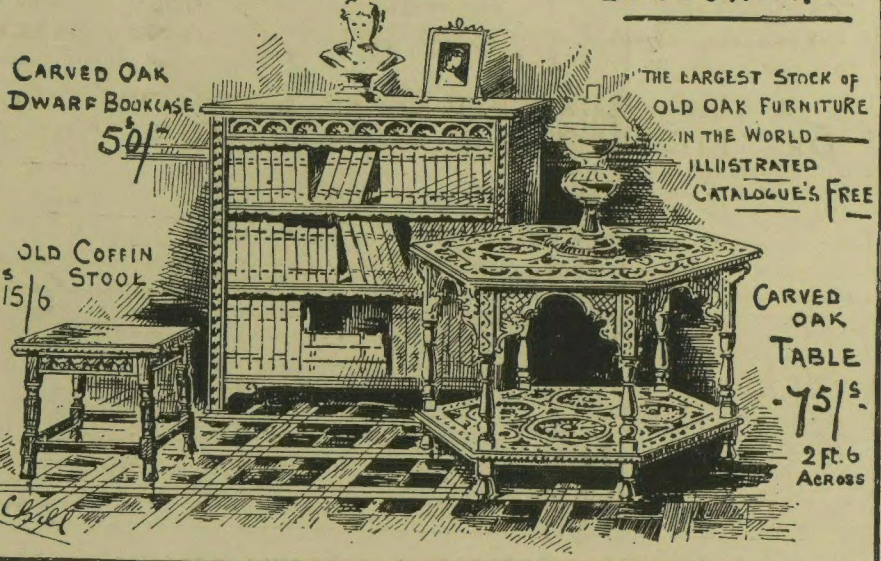
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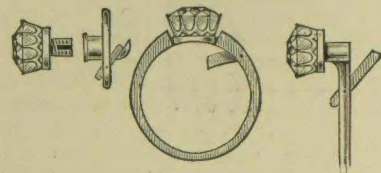
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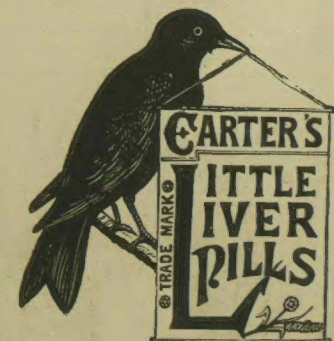


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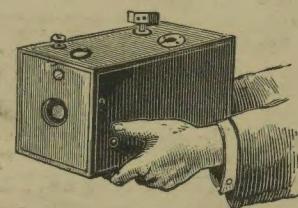
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